

X Collection

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[illegible]

THE INDEX.

Vol. I. Washington, D. C., May-August, 1884. No. 5-6.

Written especially for THE INDEX.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

SUMMER.

Behold the plumber clothed in rags,
With woeful looks and aspect wan;
He cannot balance up his books,
His linen duster is in pawn.

WINTER.

But now he lives in regal style
(As he didn't do in summer.)
He counts his money by the pile,
A sumptuous being is the plumber.

MORAL.

To those we'd say, who go it rash,
And seek the sea-shore in the summer,
The surest way to raise the cash,
Is, in the Winter be a plumber.

—Chang Lee.

IN FAVOR OF OUR CAUSE.

1221 G st., N. W.,

Washington; D. C., April 11, '84.

Dear Palmon:-

The April number of your neat little journal has just been received; and your editorial on "Amateurdom" read with much pleasure—Well said my laddie!

I acquiesce, in all you have said, regarding the benefits, to the "American Youth," to be derived from the good work which is being done by the 'Dom. My admiration for the good cause, can be shown in no better way, than by acknowledging my inability to express, in words, the feelings it inspires—But remember—

Many are we who cannot "pen the inspiration of our souls,"

May yet allow our poor prosaic thoughts in twine

With hearts ornatest wish, to form, if not in gilded words,

A simple prayer, which prove as poets devine,
Unuttered wings its way from Earth, not lost, not left unheard.

Truly your friend,
HOPKINS.

SANCTUM SCRAPS.

The *Little Giant* is a GIGANTIC journal, whose GIGANTIC editorial staff devote their GIGANTICALLY tattooed Knight of the White Feather, which will doubtless have a GIGANTIC influence in favor of the GIGANTICALLY corrupt Republican party in the pending campaign, but if this young journal would give its LITTLE space to the interest of the 'Dom its three LITTLE editors would accomplish a LITTLE more good.—Geo. A. Russ and the Misses Stevenson and Chapman make the *Siftings* very entertaining.—Judging from the able manner in which Bixby conducts the goodly sized *City Messenger* we predict the day is not far distant when he will control a professional sheet.—Niblack, of the *Skipper*, should skip to some foundry and purchase some readable type.—Amateurdom loses one of its best poets in Brainard P. Emery, for his poems were worthy to grace any professional sheet; his wonderful poetical genius has always commanded our admiration. We sincerely hope his retirement is not permanent.—The *Typtic* of Syracuse is conducted in a very efficient manner, but Mr. Wilson is incompetent to criticise the *Gumtlet*.—The *Pequin-week Amateur* starts out well. Success to you, brother Thompson.—The editor of the *Lakeside Amateur* displays a good deal of intelligence for a starter.

INDEPENDENT.

VOL. 1.

EVANSVILLE, IND., MARCH, 1884.

NO. 5.

BEHIND THE MASK.

"It was an odd, distorted face,—
An uncouth visage, rough and wild,—
Yet from behind, with laughing grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child."

All have seen a little child with its face hidden by a large, hideous mask going around with great delight and trying to frighten every one it meets. How unlike are the two faces!—the one, rough, old and wrinkled; the other, childish and beautiful. And as we think of it, we may well ask if half of all the roughness and grimness of earth may not be but the baby in the mask.

We may have met people whose faces are no longer beautiful, but bear the traces of suffering and trouble; but behind this mask, we may find the child still hiding in all its first freshness.

Upon the hill stands an old oak. The wind and lightning have twisted its branches into many a curious shape, but under the rough old bark the fibres are young and tender.

History is full of examples of little and deformed men who have astonished the world by the things which they have accomplished.

Within many a loose-jointed, awkward and clumsy man, as well as in many a hump-backed and ugly-looking one, are powers of mind which when exercised produce results which cause the names of these men to be remembered for ages to come.

Scoundrels have been successful by using the mask of polished manners, while the best of men by their hardness and coldness have done themselves incalculable injury.

Low foreheads have been seen on very noble men, and grand domes of heads on mere blockheads.

The countenance may be rightly defined as the title-page which tells of that which is within. But, like other title-pages, it sometimes puzzles or misleads us. It has been said, many a man bears a motto on his shield, which however true for his father from whom he inherited it, is false for the son.

The fair mind and soul is not always found in a fair body; nor are villains always marked as such by eyes, nose, and mouth.

Many men who have been most distinguished for their power to provoke laughter have had countenances suggestive of tears rather than merriment.

But the face does not always mask the feelings within. In the majority of cases, the title-page gives a correct idea of the contents of the volume.

I have heard the story of a painter who, seeing a beautiful child, was so fascinated by the loveliness of its face that he resolved to paint it. He did so and hung the picture in his study. It became a kind of guardian angel; in sorrow and in passion, he was soothed by looking upon that countenance.

X-PN 4827

#3

The Ink-Spot

Vol. 1

OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 2

ONE WAY TO HEALTH

BY E. A. ROWELL.

APR 29 1944

"Pray, Dr. Abernethy, what is the cure for gout?" asked an indolent, wealthy and luxurious citizen.

"Live on sixpence a day, and earn it!" came the pithy response.

And this would cure more than gout. There is hardly a disease it would not cure if recreation were judiciously intermixed with the work. The prolific cause of modern speculation is the desire to obtain a good living with as little mental and physical exertion as possible.

A young man, of good family, but rather fond of drink, walked a trifle unsteadily into the executive chamber and asked for the governor.

"What do you want with him?" inquired the

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When any University or Church tells how to end sickness, misery, crime, war and the birth of unfit children, you can

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all ideas and be sure to get some benefit. **Vote Direct On The Laws with Signed, Witnessed, and Mailed in Ballots.**



NewsRAPER means editors propaganda plus advertising suggestion expense—its child, war, & panics.

If it is not ripe, to cook or eat does not make fruit. — Think.

Crowded out in May; Will you send in four or five new subscribers to get me 2,500 new ones in 1929. I cannot do what I am doing and solicit subscribers. You could if you would, and if you would I could thank you for it, and I'd like to do it—if you will.

Make It—Take It.

Make the Worker Make It !!!
Make the Buyer TAKE It !!!
and this brings out before the foot lights the Great American Ensemble of worker Displacing Machinery, Debt Making Banks, Salesmanship and Advertising. The word MAKE does not confine the Making and Taking to Useful and Necessary things, but adds many Harmful and Unnecessary things to our scientific, speedum, machine

jazz.—Governments SHOW, by the way they punish their citizens, how much they have failed in teaching them the business of Individual self-government, which alone will make any government possible. Other demonstrations are the manipulations of Ignorance And Force.

Si-Ki-A-Try or Psychiatry.

There are Insane People, and there are Lying Schemers who can be told from the Insane, only with great scrutiny. Nor does it do to assume that the Great Men of the earth may not be insane.

For instance, Congress enacts statutes, and, if the president signs them they become possibilities. It is possible some person will hire a lawyer and have the Supreme

APR 27

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INEZ ROUNDER

—IT GOES ALL OVER—

MAY, 1931. APR 29 1931

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"An Amateur Magazinette"

FALL ISSUE - - - - 1932

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APR 29 1944



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#7

The Ideal Boy

THE LEGEND OF

YEAR
25c

The Real Boy Magazine

ALSAP
No. 4

APR 29 1944



DECEMBER 1932

VOL. 7, No. 12

X-PN 4827

#8

ITEMS

MARCH 1933
NUMBER 26



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APR 29 1944

[[MEMBER
U.A.P.A.
N.A.P.A.]]

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ITEMS

JULY 31, 1933

NUMBER 27 THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS



R 291944



[[Containing U.A.P.A. election results
from the Chi convention held Jul. 29
& 30. Also story of conv. by F. Nagel]]

X-PN 4827

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Impressions

An Amateur Publication.

Number One

Winter 1933

SELECTED WISDOM

If we ever grow up to be adults we are going to write a red hot editorial lambasting the fellow who spits in the waste basket.

A good example is the best sermon.

Remember how fussed up we used to get when we tied up a girl's shoe lace.

Hapoy are those who are so busy with living that there is no time for envy, hate or conspiracy.

Perhaps you have noticed that opportunity has a way of slipping past the fellows who are standing around waiting for her.

Stupidity with a shut mouth often gets by as wisdom.

A boy loses sleep over the girl of his dreams.

Isn't it odd that everybody's a little peculiar but me and thee.

PN4327 #11

INK SPOTS

Vol. I.

3¢ PER COPY, 25¢ PER YEAR

FEBRUARY, 1933

No. 2.

Edited by WM. J. HOLTON, Jr. 208 Penn. Ave., Plant City, Florida.
Member of the United Amateur Press Association of America.
Advertising rates on request.

SCRIBBLES

(Editorial)

Isn't there enough beer, wine, etc., all ready without either modifying or abolishing the 18th amendment? Where's our prohibition? Why not abolish the Navies and Armies; that would be a quicker way to bring ruin upon the U. S. What is there to alcohol that makes it so desirable to some of the poor ignorant Americans and idiotic congressmen? Alcohol makes fools out of men. There are enough fools in congress and the U.S. now.

Someone wrote in a pamphlet that dancing is an abnormal stimulus to sex passions. After a little reflection on the subject I figured that the author must have met his wife in a dance hall.

I have received far less criticism than I expected. Well, at that your own work is always the worst until someone tells you different. What I am trying to do in this paragraph is to show my appreciation for all the compliments I have received if you hadn't all ready guessed it.

Wouldn't it be disappointing for Hoover to get a larger electoral vote than Roosevelt? I would almost be disappointed myself but that has happened once before and if a thing can happen once it can happen again. Hoover still has a chance.

Some girl wrote The Tampa Tribune and asked for advise on whether or not to go with a man who drinks and expects her to do the same. Some one wrote an answer that any man who drinks is not fit to go with a girl. I add to that, that any girl who drinks is not fit to go with a man.

PN4527

#12

INK SPOTS

3¢ PER COPY. 25¢ PER YEAR.

Vol. I.

MARCH 1933.

APR 29 1933

No. 3.

Edited by Wm. J. HOLTON Jr., 308 Penn. Ave., Plant City, Florida.
Member of the United Amateur Press Association of America.
Advertising rates on request.

SCRIBBLES

(Editorial)

Even as I write this editorial, the US is at the edge of the cliff overhanging the canyon of ruination. The power to pull it back or push it over lies in congress. Shall we risk demoralization for the few paltry dollars that the tax on legalized liquor would bring? Congress has her hand on the lever that lets the liquid force that causes immorality out upon the nation. Is the bung of the National beer-barrel to be knocked out.

What places some men can think of to hide from their wives. One man in Texas, so I read, tried to get in jail. His wife, who was right at his heels, told the officer that if he locked him up, he could lock her up with him.

I see that there is a new divorce mecca. It seems as if Reno couldn't handle all the customers.

I gather from the Movie Classic that Constance Bennet has been having untrue stories published about her which made her think that she had no friends of the press. She has found several friends among reporters. Seems as if she has been circulating untrue stories about them. Now listen here you reporters and Connie too; Connie couldn't be any worse than some of the other movie actresses and the reporters couldn't be any worse than some of the others in their line. Think that over and ALL be friends.

I noticed several days ago, a headline in the Tampa Morning Tribune. Today I notice a short letter in the As Tribune Readers See It section. It reads: "Headline in Tribune. 'Taxpayers Ask Halt in State Road Building.' Imagine slaves in the days of the Pharoahs asking for a halt in py-

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Vol. 1.

APRIL 1933.

No. 4.

DEPRESSING IN FLORIDA

PEARL ADOREE RAWLING

Scarcely had I perspired through two weeks of October in Florida when I came down with every muscle howling in pain. From the eyes up, ache and fire battled for supremacy, and it is possible to have a pain in the big toe, if anyone should tell you you give them one.

"I betcha I'm gettin' sumpin' I wailed in those too-few and less noisy hours before the trolley cars break loose. But don't let anyone tell you I didn't get up at seven! After a dish of grapefruit I drooped, reluctant of mind, back to that hard mattress.

"It's just possible I'm coming down with tropic fever. Well—I wasn't born to palm trees, sulphur water and mullet. Pine and hemlock and spruce are my native odors, and I prefer chubby trees to these giraffe-necked

piners with grey moss slowly eating them up with its soft, cloudy teeth.

"It could be Spanish flu," you said there are many Spanish people here. Maybe I'd better get up and pack. You never could get things to fit—" as a pain went skiing down my right thigh to hop off my small toe.

Then it was noon, I mean lunch time. When the Family Menace gets home it is 1 30 p. m. Leaving, he stuck his proboscis around the door, still solicitous, asking: "Don't you want a cup of tea before I go?"

"No, but I'd like a huge mug of interruptedness." I told him. "With a squirt of lime in it," I added, always humorous even at death's door. I am neither Scotch nor English, just good old French Canadian and German—and never teish when I'm that sick. I felt as if I'd been dragged through three depressions and shot in four vital places, instead of just getting used to living in one room.

(If at first you couldn't laugh, try again)

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Vol. 1.

MAY 1933.

THE LIBRARY OF No. 5.

THE BOX OF PEARLS—SEQUEL

WM. J. HOLTON JR.

APR 29 1944

Bob cursed and turned to examine the rest of the cabin. He shuddered involuntarily as his eyes came to rest upon a human skeleton in one corner. He moved over to look at it closer. The person had probably been killed by a blow on the head which resulted in a fractured skull. Finding nothing further to detain him, he left the cabin and proceeded to the forward part of the boat. Amidships he found the cause of the boat's sinking, an explosion was evident from the gaping hole at his feet and splintered planks below.

He heard a voice coming through the 'phone.

"Come up," called Cecil, "those savages are getting louder all the time".

"All right, pull up", responded the other.

Once again on deck with the diving

suit removed Bob could tell that there was a marked increase in the tempo and volume of the barbaric music. He had a boat lowered and with rifle in hand and dynamite, fuse, and caps in pocket he lowered himself into the stern of the boat.

"Wait. I want to go," ejaculated Anne.

"You can't go," replied the older brother, "You're going to stay right here on this boat with Cecil."

With that he shoved away from the larger boat and the crew bending to the oars soon beached the boat. They made their way through the jungle until finally they came to a clearing in which nearly two hundred hideously ornamented brown savages were dancing could their fiendish motions be called dancing. Fiendish—they had a white man tied to a stake and seem-

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Vol. I.

JULY-SEPT 1933.

No. 6.

APR 29 1944

THE BOX OF PEARLS — SEQUEL

Conclusion.

"Several years ago," began the old marooner, "I discovered a rich bed of pearls on this island. I went to another island to get supplies and divers. A storm came up suddenly and wrecked the boat; I was the only one to escape. I was in a lifeboat for four days before the captain of the schooner which is now at the bottom of the bay sighted me. The ship had been built to last and for some reason carried a diving outfit. I told the captain my story and showed the pearls I had with me for proof. He put about at once and reached the spot on the same day. The next morning he sent the divers down. What they brought up was sufficient to cause him to stay for a week. Near the end of this time enough had been brought up to make us millionaires. The captain had agreed to give me one third the total value but one night I heard him and the mate talking about my I stopped to listen. They were plot-

ting to maroon me and take the pearls for themselves. They were to promise the crew an equal share but when the boat reached port they would skip out and split the entire hoard two ways. I told the crew about it and we went for the two schemers. They had guns but were outnumbered. The mate was knifed and the captain's skull broken. I started sorting the jewels into leather pouches when someone set off the dynamite that was stored down below the waterline of the boat. I gathered up all of the pearls but I only got to shore with two of the pouches. The boat sank so quick I had no time to fasten them to me. One other escaped. I gave him half of what I had secured. A lifeboat containing a sail, mast, and oars floated up. We stocked it with what provisions we could find on the island and were ready to sail when we ran upon those savages. My friend escaped before I did and left without me. He thought they had

INK SPOTS

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Vol. I.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1933.

No. 7.

SEZ YOU

William J. Holton Jr.

Ray Hughes had an innate contempt for feminine acumen and never failed to express that contempt — to all except the women. He liked to read but religiously avoided books written by a feminine hand. He said that he didn't have the time to waste or "such trash."

Friends sometimes wondered if he liked love stories, if the story were written by a man.

If one were familiar with the letter written by the Earl of Chesterfield to his son Sir Philip Stanhope, Ray might be likened unto the Earl. In this letter its writer also expresses a general contempt for the sex in saying that women were child-like, that he had never found one to possess good solid reasoning sense, that they were capricious, conceited and passionate to the extent that if one were crossed, the offender would certainly meet the same fate as Orpheus.

He shared his two room apartment with Johnny Myers. Never once did Ray suspect that Johnny was very much amused at his lectures on the stupidity of women. One evening he suggested that they see a certain picture at the small town theatre. To please his room-mate Ray agreed.

It was one of those stories that always play up the feminine lead. She was an intelligent woman and used her knowledge to her advantage and to the disadvantage of her male business competitors.

When the two emerged from the theatre Myers asked, "That was a good picture wasn't it?"

The other made no comment. Suddenly remembering of his friends dislike of such stories he thought, "I hope he doesn't start another one of his lectures when we get home."

But the thought could have been saved; "I despise the whole of the sex," Ray said, "there is no woman

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The Ideal Boy

YEAR
25¢

The Real Boys' Magazine

ALSAF
No. 4

February 1933

APR 29 1934

Vol. 8, No. 2



STREAKS OF GOLD by Bryce W. Anderson

Page 3

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Ideal Boy

March 1933

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Vol. 8, No. 3



ACT AS HERO by Carl D. Arp

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The Ideal Boy



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The Real Boy's Magazine

ALSAF
No. 4

April, 1933

APR 29 1944

Vol. 8, No. 4



In This Issue: **CHICKENS!** by Wilton McConkey

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The Ideal Boy

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The Real Boys' Magazine

ALSAF
No. 4

May, 1933

APR 20 1944

Vol. 8, No. 5



An Airplane Story: SOLO by Conley McCabe

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1932 REGION SIX
YEARBOOK NUMBER

The Ideal Boy

YEAR 25¢ *The Ideal Boy Magazine* ALAP Vol. 8, No. 6

June, 1933

Vol. 8, No. 6

APR 29 1944

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In This Issue: OLD TIME LONE SCOUT RALLIES

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The Ideal Boy

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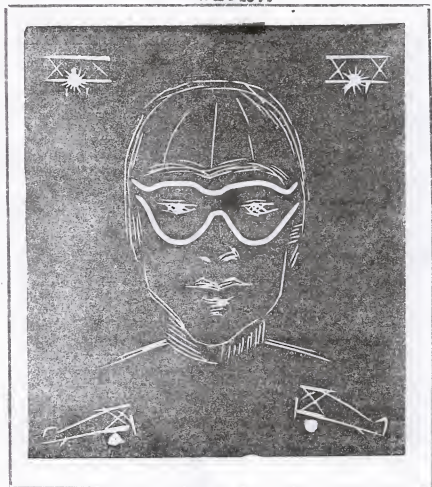
The Real Boy Magazine

ALSAF
No. 4

August, 1933

APR 29 1944

Vol. 8, No. 8



BEHIND THE MOON by J. Roy Chapman

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The Ideal Boy



YEAR
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The Real Boys' Magazine

LIBRARY AL S.A.P.
N. 4
SERIAL RECORD

APR 29 1944



October, 1933

Vol. 8, No. 10

Please do not mention the advertiser's name.

We are planning to send the Sept. 10 issue of the magazine to the NBC chain, and it is enough for a wise man to see that the CBS chain, so they can see what the radio listeners really want. The poll may be conducted on a small scale, but it will be conducted with the same interest as the larger ones.

CRIMINALS vs. POLICE

(Continued from page 1)
sample of this work done by national police forces. New York alone had over 1400 police in one year, while England and Wales together had 95. It sounds incredible but it is the truth. Why? Simply because they give a severer punishment and not the luxuries of Welfare Island.

THE IOTA

June, 1934 No. 3

CRIMINALS vs. POLICE

By the Editor
Kidnappers. Murderers. Gangsters. And all the other lawbreakers. The underworld who perform incredible crimes and disregard the lives and happiness of our citizens. These desperadoes not only break laws but make them to suit their own desire-meeting that the police cannot secure sufficient evidence to convict them. The only way out of this undesirable situation is to have a healthy way of the criminals is to have a federal police agency similar to that of Scotland Yard. Here is a

(Continued on page 4)

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ITEMS

JUNE APR 29 1944

CAMPAIGN ISSUE

SUPPORTING--

FOR THE N.A.P.A..

● THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

- President - Bradley
- Vice Pres. - Bradofsky
- Off. Editor - Pursell
- See page 3

FOR THE U.A.P.A..

● THE OFFICIAL UNITED TICKET

- President - Murphy
- Secretary - Heljeson
- Off. Editor - Flint
- See page 4

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October

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ALSAF
No. 4

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DRIFTWOOD by Alois G. Topil

Merry Christmas

THE IDAHOAN

Authorized Lone Scout Amateur Publication No. 31.

Vol. XI

Christmas, 1934

No. 12

How a Tribe of Lone Scouts Did
Their Useful Thing on Christmas Eve

APR 29 1944

UNDER DIFFICULTIES

“WHAT’s in the wind now, kids?” asked Clayt, as a merry bunch of boys swung around the corner of the street, jabbering, laughing and seemingly bubbling over with fun. It was the Lone Scout Tribe of the Village, formerly the “gang,” renowned for its tricks and “bad actions.”

“We’re going up to Silas Hinkle’s to do him a useful thing for a Christmas present,” said one.

To be sure Clayt knew all about the Lone Scouts, being a member, so no explanations were necessary. Without a moment’s hesitation he threw down his shovel—he was shoveling paths around the house—grabbed his coat from the fence and was off with the bunch.

Up the road they trotted in mass formation all in fine spirits.

“Won’t we get a kind of warm reception?” asked Clayt of Tim Tolton, recognized leader and Captain, remembering their last visit to Si’s apple orchard in the summer months.

“Oh, I’ll fix that!” said Tim confidently. “Leave that to me. I ain’t scared of Si. I’ll tell him we ain’t up to no tricks. This here’s the jened-you-wing thing. We’re reformed now and just doin’ useful things.”

Clayt felt relieved upon hearing this, still he itched to know how old Silas would take it.

Silas Hinkle, who lived on a hill in an old log house on the outskirts of the village, was a garrulous old man, as tough as an oak knot. He had seen his best days in the ’70’s, he claimed. He owned quite an estate, the principal things on same being an old log shanty, a large orchard, a lot of unpiled wood and himself. Silas had been the victim of many boyish tricks and no wonder then that he was all rolled up when he saw the troop coming up the road.

Grasping his hickory club firmly in his hand and baring his left arm he prepared to meet the oncoming foe, as it were. “I there’s any trouble

(Continued on Page 3)

Lone Scout Elmer Fisher,
Hanover, Ont., Canada.

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NUMBER 32

MAY 1935

U. S. LIBRARY OF
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SERIALS SECTION

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U. S. LIBRARY OF
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SERIALS SECTION

APR 29 1944

FEBRUARY 1935
NUMBER 31

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INK SPOTS

THE LIBRARY OF
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INDIA, PONDICHERRY

APR 20 1944



Vol. 3 WINTER 1935 No. 1

PK 4377 #32

INK SPOTS

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Vol. 2.

January - March 1935.

No. 1.

MY STAGE DEBUT

William J. Holton.

I can well remember when, several years ago, the supervising principal of our local schools entered my second-grade class room. Principals were feared by our immature minds, for they were the ones who scolded little boys and girls for the teacher, and when the monstrous word "supervising" was added to the much feared "principal" he seemed a veritable monster indeed. As he stood there insidiously glaring over the room we fell into a tense silence half expecting to hear him roar, but instead, in a verbosely eloquent and lengthy way, he informed us that Cho-cho, the health clown, would appear before us. Each pupil looked at the teacher, at the person across the aisle, and then back at the principal wondering what a "health clown" could be, if it were

like the clowns we had seen in the circus, or if he were going to perform some feat of magic.

He went to the door and called. Presently Cho-cho skipped in dressed in the conventional motley, white-painted face, and tufted conical cap. He was carrying an absurd little colored parasol. Prattling away about his being as destitute of humor as the little boy sent to the corner drug store for a bottle of castor oil, he went on to say that castor oil was good for girls and boys. Among other things he said were good for them were: spinach, carrots, milk, greens, and so forth. Not that I disagree with him, but he might have modified it somewhat.

He finally ran down and told us
Continued on page 3.

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APR 29 1944

100-100000

Spring - - 1936

PN4827

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INKKLINGS

FROM UTAH

NUMBER ONE

APRIL, 1936

Inklings

Just a drop of ink or two

From the point of an amateur pen
Goes to make this "Inkling" sheet

A novice from beginning to end. . .

And all that's written on this page

Or contained within these binds

Is a new born thought from a free-lance

Unstained by professional lines.

—So when you glance this leaflet o'er

Don't look at faults for fear

You'll miss the hidden treasures

That we've implanted here.

—PAUL Y. DUNN

Credential for N. A. P. A.

We're Just Learning

but then, we learn to do by doing. Therefore the editor has decided to commence her membership in the N. A. P. A., not by standing on the bank watching the others swim, float, drown or do what they will, but by jumping into the water and trying to get in the swim herself. Whether she swims or drowns will be largely under the control of you more experienced swimmers. Not having ever had any instruction in this line and not having watched very closely what others have done, she realizes that she is not very adept at the art. However, if you other members will play the role of life-savers by giving some constructive criticism, advice and contributions, she is confident that she may be able to keep on top of the water.

We wish to sincerely acknowledge our appreciation and thanks to Ralph Babcock, Marion Morcom and Mar-

garet Nickerson Martin for their most cordial and encouraging letters which inspired the editor to try her hand at a. j. APR 29 1944

A number of amateur papers have been received and read with various degrees of enjoyment by the editor. She does not exactly approve of some of the sarcastic remarks aimed by some members against others but does not feel well enough acquainted with the association and its principles to be capable of giving criticism at this early date. However, she does venture to say that the purpose of this paper will be to incite more and better a. j. efforts (especially from Utahns) and to publish such efforts. We will try to keep away from political wranglings.

With this introduction, may we present for your approval the first issue of "INKKLINGS". Read it, think about it, criticize it, and laugh with it but please not at it.

A FINE RESOLVE

Each one of us should aim to live so that all who come near us will receive something good from us. We should always value and cling to those who have done us service. We should labor unceasingly to train and educate the mind and heart so that our worth may constantly increase. We should strive to be always happy and cheerful, smile, laugh and love. We should keep far away from those things that injure body and soul. We should endeavor by kindness, courtesy, serviceableness and friendliness to win all hearts. In fact we should so live that our lives will seem to others as worth imitating.

C. N. Lund

The International Post

"ESTABLISHED TO BRING NEWS FROM THE NATIONS TO THE NATIONS;
TO PROMOTE FRIENDSHIP; AND TO PROVIDE A READY MEDIUM OF
EXCHANGE FOR COLLECTORS OF POSTCARDS, STAMPS, COINS, NEWS-
PAPERS, MAGAZINES AND CURIOS"

X-PN 4827

Official Organ *The International Legion (U.S.C.E.)*

Vol. 20, No. 3

SEATTLE, WASH., U.S.A.
JANUARY—FEBRUARY—MARCH 1936

Whole No. 183

The Last of The Australian Tribes

By RAYMOND J. WALKER, U.S.C.E. 1075

The aborigines of Victoria in Australia who once numbered 7,000 have now dwindled to less than 50 full-blooded survivors. Disease, bullets, drink, loss of hunting grounds and freedom have helped destroy the original inhabitants of Australia throughout the continent as in Victoria. They are making their last stand against white civilization in the wilds of Arnhem Land, in Central Australia, and in the interior of the vast State of West Australia. After a century and a half of settlement in the continent beneath the southern cross, the white man still fails to find room in the immense parture of Australia for his seed and the black's

One hundred and six years ago, Arthur, the governor of Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania), advocated the segregation of the tribes, but his plan was not carried out and today the whole of the Tasmanian race has disappeared, and the mainland race is dying wherever the homestead chimneys rise above the plain. Once regarded as a menace to settlement the poor aborigine is coming in for a bit of sentiment now that the twilight of the race has arrived. In 1840 the estimated native population of the continent was 1,400,000. The number of survivors is now estimated at 70,000 and most of these are in the Northern Territory, Western Australia and Central Australia. The few survivors in Victoria are settled at Lake Tyers and are being measured by anthropologists and photographed and painted in order that there may be some record made of the original inhabitants before it is too late.

Like the American Indians in the United States, the lost tribes of Victoria, which once numbered forty, have left nothing but place names for philologists to puzzle over. These include Ballarat, Colac, Goulburn, Mordialloc, Echuca, Wangaratta, Yarra Yarra and Warrnambool. Perhaps these were ven-

erable kings and queens of past ages.

In 1876, the aborigines in Victoria numbered but 500. King Barak of the Yarra tribe, who was a chieftain of 11, when Batman came to Port Philip, died near Healesville in 1903. Batman, in 1835, found a white chief among the natives. He was William Buckley, who escaped from a convict party at Port Philip in 1803. He tried to make his way overland to Sydney and was made a chief by a tribe he sought refuge among. He forgot his native tongue and had to relearn his original language when coming in contact with the English thirty-two years later.

The bushman never rose to the heroic heights achieved by the American Indian and never waged a frontier war. Now and then a few whites were massacred but as the squatter and sheep raiser sought new land the bushmen retreated before them. In the guerilla warfare that existed in Victoria between 1838 and 1845 it is said that 350 blacks and 50 whites were killed. The bushmen were never prolific and their contact with the white men and white man's whiskey brought disease and sickness among them. There were nomads and primitive communists and when they stole the sheep of the white men, who established the laws of property and capital, they were shot down and considered vermin, and a dangerous menace to the community. The few that are now found within the shadow of the white towns speak English and but two of the thirty-three at the Lake Tyers settlement can speak their native tongue.

The once noble savage of the stone age has been degraded by contact with civilization but they seem to be unmindful of the approaching night which will sweep them into the historic past. Back in the interior the few thousands that survive can be found in groups with their dogs and tin cans, both luxuries stolen

#35

PR 29 1944

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INK SPOTS

STAMP PER COPY

Vol. 3.

January — March 1937.

No. 1.

THE BREAKING POINT

William J. Holton.

SOMEONE
WRITING SPOTS

APR 29 1937

"C'mere, Hank," called Mrs. "Hank" Davis to her "lazy, good-for-nothing" husband.

He slowly rose from his comfortable position in the old cane-bottom rocker and ambled over to her side at the wood burning range that had been at one time the best in the village. "What cher want?" he growled.

"You mind the victuals on this here stove while I purty up and run down ter the store to get some sow-belly to season the greens with. Mind ye, don't let anything burn."

At that instant Hank leaned over the stove and one of the blackened pots slid off with a crash. A slimy green mass spread out over the floor.

"You good for nothing blank blank blank blank, you've spoiled my whole dinner, blank blank." (Blanks replace words of indecent nature.)

A knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Davis threw aside her soiled apron and hurried to it. Her husband followed at a respectful distance.

The caller had come to inform her that "poor ol' Uncle Jerry" had died and left her a "consider'ble 'mount o' money."

"Hank, we'll have ter move out of this shack into a place fittin' fer respectable people," she said.

In two weeks they were settled in a fine house in the nearby city. She was sitting in an overstuffed chair on one side of a large fireplace and Hank was sitting in another on the other side.

"I must go up-town to do some shopping, and I want you to go with me, Henry deah." She rose and left the room.

They walked to town, elbowed their way through bargain sale sections, snubbing old friends on the way to the "exclusive" counters; made their purchases and elbowed their way out. "Those Horrid people," scoffed Mrs. Davis, although she had pulled hair with the best of the bargain snatchers three weeks before.

The two stepped out into the street toward a taxie she had hailed. A man ran out into the open door. The posterior portion of his anatomy never crossed that portal for the mighty right of Mrs. Henry Davis had his coattail. "Get out of thar, you blank blank blank blank," exclaimed she vehemently. (Blanks replace words of indecent nature.) The interloper forcefully extracted and his posterior portion kicked, she grabbed her husband's collar and dragged him through the door after her.

(Continued on page 4)

I.K.C. REPORTER

Vol. 1

March, 1937

No. 1

WHAT IS THE I.K.C.?

We Want You As a Member!

APR 29 1944

Interest in the fellowship of our correspondents is our ambition ~~and ideal~~. The International Knights of Correspondence are recruited from the young people of every land who are interested in learning the life, manners, customs, hobbies, and pleasures of their fellows in other lands.

Most of us have the desire to travel around the world and see all the strange and fascinating sights in foreign lands, but only a fortunate few can afford such luxuries. Foreign correspondence is the best substitute we know for actual travel. Only our thought and fancy do the actual travelling, and a pretty lively imagination is needed to get the utmost of enjoyment from the hobby, but what a world of new perspectives, new scenes, and above all new and true friendships are placed brimming before us!

Even the piquancy of the friendly salutations in foreign tongues have the power to spur the imagination and shatter the artificial walls of race, creed, and color! "Mein Leiber Freund...Omedeton Haiki...Cara Mia...Froelich Weinachten...Joyeux Noel..."
(cont. on page 4)

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INK SPOTS

THE LIBRARY OF
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PRINT ROOM

APR 29 1944



SPRING -- 1938

MEMBER
N. A. P. A.

The
Intermountain
Midget

MEMBER
U. A. P. C.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM
NO.-1 LATE JUNE 1938

VOL-1

"Let's Go Zinzannati"

U. A. P. C., ELLIS GET TOGETHER

Have you seen Harold D. Ellis' new paper, "The Amateur Reporter"? It seems Harold has always wanted one and now as president of the U. A. P. C. he has been able to realize his vision. "The Amateur Reporter" is published by him monthly as a way of keeping in touch with fellow members of the U. A. P. C. and letting them know what takes place at the meetings.

We wish you all the luck in the world, Harold.

God knows you'll need it when you start publishing.

What's Happened Elaine? Is Cupid Slain?

Salt Lake City, - It looks as if poor little cupid has met with an accident, or at least we haven't seen Elaine or localite Melvin Dunne hitting that new high that we were promised in a recent issue of "The New Times." What's happened Elaine, hasn't he popped the question yet, or is it you've set the date and are waiting for the plans? At least let's see some more of both of you.

FELLOW MEMBERS, in as much as the National Amateur Press Convention is to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio on July 2, 3, 4, we think it would be advisable for a few of the N. A. P. A. members from Utah and the intermountain region to make the trip.

In other years the convention has been held so far away that it was a great deal of trouble and expense to secure transportation to and from the meets. However, the meeting being a long way from here, we have been able to secure accommodations for at least 6 more persons to make the trip. We intend to leave Salt Lake City on June 28 at 4:30 A. M. The complete trip will not take more than 8 or 10 days. Transportation is available at \$30.00 per passenger which is a very low cost for such a trip.

All amateurs wishing to make the trip are requested to get in touch with Miss Elaine Jorgensen at 137 West 1st South, Salt Lake City, Utah or yours truly the Midget at Thistle, Utah. Come on amateurs lets go Zinzannati!

63rd Annual N. A. P. A.
CONVENTION
July 2, 3, 4.
Cincinnati, Ohio

X-9N4827

#40

INKLINGS

FROM UTAH

NO. 7

MAY '38

DECORATION DAY

By LAWRENCE R. GILES

Many are the emotions one feels as he stands among the flowers and monuments of a cemetery on Decoration Day. Here are broken bits of history indicated, not only in carvings on the monuments to the dead, but in the faces and attitudes of the living who come to pay their respects. There is so much of the dead which still lives with those alive, and there is also much of the living which is buried there with the dead. Some graves are decorated with many flowers—some with few—and some have no flowers at all. Some bouquets appear pretentiously expensive while others seem to have been picked along neglected hedge-rows. But every bouquet, or single rose, tells a story. Every person who brings flowers, whether as compunctious display or as tender emblem becomes a study.

An expensive car rolled up the drive. The door swung open and I heard an unconcerned young voice call out, "This O. K. Dad?"

Dad emerged. He was old and broken—aged more, it appeared, by hard work and worry than by years. He was shabbily dressed but neat and clean. In a worn, rough hand he held a bouquet of garden flowers. Reverently he removed his old hat and the breeze ruffled his sparse white hair. He picked his way among the mounds and monuments and stopped before a well-kept grave with a weather-worn wooden marker. He knelt and placed the humble bouquet, arranging the flowers with a tenderness quite unexpected of such crude hands

as his. He paused with bowed head to pay a homage that every attitude of his drooped body participated in. The raucous bellow of the car horn shocked the old fellow to his feet. "Come on Dad", came the care-free call from the car. The old man started away; then, hesitated a moment and turning, looked once more at the grave. He brushed awkwardly at his cheek, and moved in wearied, disconsolate gait back to the car.

Entered for Essay Laureateship.

H. P. L.

By ALBERT CHAPIN

Unbounded was his range of information.

The logic of a literary might,
Whose thoughts refreshed, like dew
on vegetation;

Coloquial, his powers that gave delight.

To him a gift meant joy that came
with giving

A bridle-path along sweet wisdom's
way.

The voice has gone—but deep in
memory living;

His written page the gods have doomed
to stay.

No more is he to scan or judge our
"posies",

A tangled mass no husbandman would
spare;

From seedling thoughts he cultured
lovely roses

And left his lonely blossoms drooping
there.

Entered for Poetry Laureateship.

WHY I SHOULD DEVELOP SOME SPECIAL TALENT AT ANY COST

By HELEN HUNT

There is a Chinese proverb which says—"Great souls have wills—weak ones have wishes."

Perhaps many people can find a definite starting place in attaining their goal if they believe and analyze this statement.

Most of us have ideals and have set a definite goal which we hope to reach. Whether that aim is reached depends on a great many factors, but mostly upon ourselves. We are the ones to decide whether our ideal becomes a reality or forever remains a dream.

How interesting is the human race! Every one of us is different from everyone else. We are endowed with that elusive quality known as "personality," that quality which makes for us a pathway through this eventful life. How smooth or how thorny that pathway is depends on how early in life we "find ourselves." When we discover the possibilities within ourselves which will more truly fit us for our niche, we have accomplished something worthwhile on our life's journey.

Most of us find our potentialities, but too many of us are guilty of having wishes instead of wills.

There is more fact than fiction in the saying, "if you can build a better mouse trap than any other man—the world will beat a pathway to your door."

The Bible says, "Neglect not the gift that is within thee." It also says, "Come, now and let us reason together."

We may say, why should we develop the gifts that are within us? Why not be contented to follow one of the trails known as the path of least resistance? Often times when we observe people who have taken no pains to improve themselves, we have to admit they seem happy and satisfied. Possibly they are, but as I see it, there is much more to this thing we call existence than the few short years we spend here. We are told in the scriptures that "a person is saved no faster than he gains knowledge." And that "the place we have attained to in this life will rise with us in the life to come."

This bears out my contention that the doctrine of eternal progression is true. Therefore, to me it is important that we take advantage of every opportunity we can to develop our talents.

It is not reasonable that anything as intricate and marvelous as the human body would be created only to perish forever in this stage we know as death.

—N. A. P. A. Credential.

"Half the joy of life is in little things taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but let us keep our hearts young and our eyes open that nothing worth our while shall escape us. And everything is worth its while if we only grasp it and its significance."—Victor Cherbulle.

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The Illustrated Chronicle

#42

AN ALL-AMERICAN PUBLICATION

Chronicle Goes To Press

VOL. 1, NO. 1

APRIL, 1938

INTRODUCTION

THE LIBRARY OF
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APR 29 1944

Dear Reader:

This is the first edition of **The Illustrated Chronicle**, I hope it will prove to be very interesting to all the members of the AAPA.

I named this paper **The Illustrated Chronicle** because; when, and if possible, I will have illustrations appear on the sheets of this paper.

I want this paper to be a big **SUCCESS**, and I am depending on the full support of the members of the AAPA. Anyone wishing to write for this paper, please send me your copy as soon as possible. I want articles on any subject of interest to the readers of this paper. Especially; stories, jokes, letters from those who wish to correspond with others, etc.

At this time I can not predict how often this publication will appear in print, I would like to make it possible to have a copy for the members each month, if time, and the response of the members warrant it.

With the hope of the whole hearted support of the members of the AAPA I will await your criticism of this paper.

Editor —

GEORGE F. MICHELS

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

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THE INK SPOT

FOR JANUARY, 1938

Vol. 1, No. 3

Pub. by W. C. Legg, Mt. Lookout, W. Va.

"JUNE IN JANUARY"?

It's January. Everything has been covered with snow, and most of the trees are bare. The pines, the rhododendron and laurel, the holly and all of our evergreens, of course, are still harbingers of Spring inasmuch as they remain eternally green. The oaks hold tenaciously to their frostbitten leaves and will hold them until the fresh buds of Spring push them off.

The chilly wintry winds play around our houses of nights, shaking things and creeping thro cracks in the buildings; but what care we, who before a cheery fire, have a good book, some a. j.s, other papers or some amusement to occupy us? Let the wind threaten and blow at its will—it wont be long before Ol' Sol will melt that icy chill.

Winter is part of the parade of the seasons, and here in W. Va. we have a touch of them all. As Larkin Pearson says, "In June I find the Tropics camped all about the place . . . Cold December shows me the Arctic's frozen face." Someone has called Winter cruel. Well, there's consolation for him in the fact there's always been a Spring just ahead; and others would be glad to add—yes, and ahead, too, is another winter.

Greetings, a. j.s! We are glad to announce
that we are now a member of the
AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION

X-PN 4827

#44

THE INK SPOT

FEBRUARY, 1938

Vol. 1, No. 4

AAPA

Pub. by W. C. Legg, Mt. Lookout, W. Va.

BEAUTY RETURNS

Oh, how a sky and how a sea
Can bring your magic back to me;
With gold of sun and blue of wave
To lend the loveliness you gave.

And steady rivers sadly flowing
To tell the grief you left in going.
But, oh, again a rose shall bring
Both you and beauty back with Spring.

—Flem Halstead, Mt. Lookout

INCIDENT

As the vagrant reclined in the shade on a newspaper he heard the soapboxer saying, "A diamond is a gem of great value, show and brilliancy, but I never expect to wear any emblem of foolish expenditure as long as a hungry man remains in America — my excess wealth will go to suffering humanity."

The vagrant grew interested for he was hungry and certainly a humanitarian as the speaker would give a guy a dime. He ambled up at the close of the speech. "Say, buddy, could ya gimme a thin for a sandwich?"

"Sorry, fellow—who do you think I am anyway, Rockyfeller?"

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THE LIBRARY OF

#45

THE INFORMER

Edited By: ~~WILLIAM F. LOWEMAN~~
18 Maryland Ave., Hempstead, N. Y.

NO. 1

JULY, 1939

Of late, several developments have occurred in the AAPA and I have undertaken to get out this little journal so that every member will know what has gone on.

When the March bundle arrived in the mail I carefully read over, as is my habit, every journal contained and was quite indignant when I came to an article in THE REMINDER. This contained matter that anyone would class as prejudice, being nothing but anti-Semitism.

For several weeks before reading this bundle I had four possible amendments

JUN 28 1945

VOICES

"Any port in a storm; and this certainly is a beauty," mumbled the youth as he stumbled onto the dry porch of an old isolated house. "What a day for a long walk! I wonder if the owner will let me phone for a car?"

He was about to knock, when:

"Only slips of paper about the size of bills," growled a disgusted voice.

"Call dat ransom?" Squeaked a whining tenor. "We'll show 'em! Where's da kid?"

"Upstairs. Why?"

"We'll kill 'im! Dats what we'll do!"

"I have a b'tter idea," threatened the gruff voice. "We'll send one of his toes. That'll scare them into paying the ransom."

"Swell idee!" A chair scraped back, and the whining voice continued: "Hey, kid! Cam'on down here!"

"Where's your knife?" questioned the heavy voice.

"On da mantle . . . Take off a shoe, kid, and lay on da table."

A gust of wind and rain brushed the youth against the door.

"D'ja hear dat?"

"At the door—grab your gun."

The youth turned and ran around a corner of the building and kept running.

"Reach for the ceiling!" gritted a new voice.

"Da coppers!"

"Frisk them!" above the shuffling and slapping of policemen as they searched the two kidnappers, rose another voice:

"The 'chair' is waiting for you cowardly kidnappers. ~~They~~ ~~are~~ ~~on~~ ~~for~~ ~~years~~ ~~without~~ ~~retribution~~, ~~but~~ ~~they~~ ~~are~~ ~~all~~ ~~ways~~ ~~punished~~—in the end."

And still another voice—deep and pleasant: "You have just listened to another true-life drama in the 'Pass of Time' series. 'Time Passes On!'"

The youth? . . . In this short time he has traversed the three miles to the nearest farmhouse and soon the little old lady innocently listening to her radio will be "slightly" frightened by an equally scared cordon of police.

—EDGAR ALLEN MARTIN.

DAWNING

The woods are sweet in the morning

light,
When the birds are freshly singing;
The sunbeams glint on the branches
bright,
And the brook is chorus ringing;

And away, far away, let us rove, let us
stray,

In the breathing breath of the morning,
And greet the day as it comes our way,
O'er the eastern heights a-dawning!

The dews flash free; every bush and tree
Holds a hundred million fires,
Like—the Sapphire Throne by the

Crystal Sea—
Or the yearning heart's desires;

And fresh and pure, like a chain of
pearls,

It lights the eye of the morning—
As the red-barred banner of day unfurls—

The Stars and Stripes of Dawning!

—Bernard Austin Dwyer

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—Bernard Austin Dwyer

THE ROAD TO SAMARKAND

The golden road to Samarkand,
That lies beneath the moon,
Where winds go whispering o'er the
sand,
By incense—breezes strewn—

The mystic road to Samarkand—
I lost it long ago—
And the days go by—and the night
winds sigh—
That path no more I know.

Along the Road to Samarkand,
Passed sage and saint and king;
A gladly caparisoned band,
Their joy-bells caroling—

The boldest and the tenderest,
Of all the ages known—
Along the Trail to Samarkand
Their caravan has gone.

Only in dreams of midnight,
When heavy senses swoon—
Only in half-insane delight
Of a Poet's ravished tune—

Only to saints and children.
Is known that road today—
Only lips unprofaned may hope
To chant the sacred lay.

I knew the Road to Samarkand,
Once, in dead days gone by—
Knew well the line of the Camel-
Shrine—

The white stars in the sky—

I drank from sacred silver springs
That quenched the thirst of seers—
I knew what song the Sibyl sings—
The secrets of the spheres.

I have lost the Road to Samarkand—
I cannot find my way—
Its golden voice is smothered by
The noise of common day—

A greasy pall of glory smoke
Obscures the sacred spring—
The whirrings of machinery, choke
The temple-bells of kings.

Yet as I muse at gloaming here,
A-dreaming in the dusk—
A faint, far bell salutes my ear—
I catch a scent of musk!—

Allah! whose mercy rules the land!—
These tears compassioning—
Of my own lost Road to Samarkand,
Grant I at least may sing!

—Bernard Austin Dwyer

LETTERS

What is a letter?

Just a series of words on a sheet
of paper.

And yet—

A letter from you
Brings new hope, strength, courage;
A new desire to live because
Of faith reborn.

New assurance of an old love.
Memories of pleasant hours
We passed together.

News of little, trivial things
That bring you close to me.

Kisses, too, you add for me
In your letter.

Truly I can feel their warmth,
See your smile, feel your touch,
When you say, "I love you, dear."
Though, indeed, it may be

Just a series of words on a piece
of paper.

—HAROLD D. ELLIS.

A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR LOOKS AT AUTOGRAPHS

(This was written when I graduated from West High School, Salt Lake City, in 1938.)

Gosh, celebrities have it easy. I'm referring to autographs now. Yes, I know it's pretty tough on them when the crowd keeps them busy for hours at a time. You bet they get writer's cramp. I really feel sorry for them in a way. They probably wish they had never heard of "Best Wishes," "Success and Happiness," and all the rest of those sadly overworked phrases. They really do have it easy, though. Celebs may get writer's cramp; they may be late for the show; and they may get nearly crushed, but they don't have the nerve-racking ordeal of trying to find something different to write in several hundred yearbooks at the end of the school year. Honestly, three weeks of signing the Panther (the yearbook at West) have left me and all the rest of the students more of a complete physical and mental wreck than three years could leave a celeb who just writes "Best of luck" in thousands of hooks.

The first day the yearbook was out, I thought, "Wow, I've got three weeks to get my friends to sign it. Boy, I'm certainly going to get plenty of autographs." Whereupon I rushed down the hall, grabbed the first person I knew . . . "Mary, will you please write in my book?" I asked. Mary accepted and requested that I write in hers.

Books were exchanged and the autographs ran something like this: "Dear Mary, Here's wishing lots of luck and success to a girl who made my English

and more enjoyable. Remember me as a friend!" Mary wrote a like sentiment and we both proceeded merrily on our way to the next victim.

At the end of the first day I told my family, "I'm doing okay. I got 125 autographs today. At this rate, I'll get everyone in the school."

By the end of the week, however, my reports to the family were somewhat less optimistic. "I got plenty of signatures today, but what I went through to get them! Everyone I ask to sign gives me his book. It's easy to write a whole page for my close friends, but I nearly go crazy trying to think of something to write in the books of classmates I don't know very well. I suppose I could put just "Loads of luck" or something like that. Those phrases don't leave a very good impression though. Kids that know you even the least bit want that fact to appear in what you write, especially if you've been active in school affairs."

About the beginning of the third week, there came a ray of hope. In someone's hook I saw an ad that had been changed to make it funny. Someone had crossed out the word "watch" in a jewelry ad, and written the word "heart" so that it read, "Heart need repairing? See Janes Jones." That night I burned the midnight oil endeavoring to figure out how to change an ad. I didn't have anything by the time I got to school the next morning, but the stimulus was enough to carry me through the last few days of school.

Yes, celebrities do get crushed by the admiring crowd, but they don't get stepped all over while they're sitting on the school steps the last day of classes try to placate some friend.

—VIRGINIA BAKER.

A SONG OF GORDON'S MEN

BERNARD AUSTIN DWYER

(William L. ("POP") Gordon, ace foreman of the CCC, was noted for the excellence of his road-construction. His men—of whom the author was proud to be one—counted it an honor to be long to "Gordon's Gang.")

I sing the song of Gordon—
The Builder of the Trail—
Whose thousand winding highways go
To every hill and dale—
To northward and to southward
The Trail of Gordon goes—
It blossoms with the summertime;
It blossoms with the rose;

And when the year grows vernal,
With the sweet thoughts of spring—
And when amid November's woods
The dismal dirges ring—
And when the year is dying,
Wrapped in its drifting snows—
And on a cold grey, snowy sky,
A cold sun downward goes—

Whatever be the season,
Our Trail must push ahead,
Where expert men, by expert hands,
Most expertly are led;
The ring of axe and hammer,
Upon the frosty air,
Where the winter morn is cold enough
To freeze a Polar bear.

At morning stand by Gordon
His tried and trusty men,
Who hew the mountain highway,
And the pathway of the glen—
The dense woods fall before them—
Our Trail still forward goes,
In the burning blaze of summer,
Or the horror of the snows.

And ever stand by Gordon
Two trusty men and true;
The Golden Manned Lion—
The British Bulldog, too—
Roy Palen, Johnny Slover,
Who know not how to fail—
The Right Hand, and the Left Hand,
That shape the Gordon Trail.

The hills rise steep before us,
With fallen logs ranked high;
Stand out against the sky—
But a line of stakes goes forward—
And busy mattocks ring—
And conquered is the wilderness
With a highway for a king!

Then, when our Trail is twinkling
On a still, bright afternoon,
With the fairy-flickering shadows
On the leafy mouth of June—
High where the trees are dappling,
And golden clouds float high—
Like a Maxfield Parrish fantasy
Is Gordon's Trail in the Sky.

All honor give to Gordon,
The Builder of the Trail—
All honor to his loyal men,
That falter not, nor fail—
The Right Hand, and the Left Hand—
The Busy Mattocks, then—
To these I dedicate, my song—
A song of Gordon's Men!

TEMPERATURE

It is so beastly hot, I don't know
whether or not
To brave the sun and heat, and let
them have their day;
Or just to nonchantly melt and run
away.

—LAWRENCE R. GILES.

INKLINGS

FROM UTAH

No. 13

OCT. '39

CALL TO REPENTENCE

No, gentlemen, I haven't always been a traveling salesman. Once I pursued the paths of crime. But I've changed, gentlemen, I've changed. Ah! Even now I can hear the voice which halted my nefarious course. It came about like this:

I was pardner to Smooth Terry, one of the cleverest burglars in the country. We had pulled some good jobs together—got away with them, too. One night Smooth said to me, "Slick," (he called me 'Slick'), "Let's knock over the Bargatze house. The coast is clear and there's plenty of loose jewelry and hardware around."

I agreed.

It was a dark night, gentlemen, ycs, dark and dismal. What moon there was snaked in and out of foreboding clouds. It was past midnight when we got out there. The house was a big, gloomy thing—two stories. The attic windows, set back under black brows of roof, looked like half-blind eyes glowering down on us. Big ancient trees shoved in on the old building as though they were trying to keep the thing from moving off like a ghost in the night.

Dry leaves made hollow, crackling sounds as we sneaked around to find a place to get in. Smooth jimmied a side window, then leaving most of the tools with me, he crawled inside. I stood look-out. A breath of wind blew past. The old trees groaned, ominously. I was afraid to look up at the attic windows. It was spooky enough outside the house. I surely didn't envy Smooth

who was prowling around in the bowel of the old witch.

I waited—and shivered and waited. Smooth's a good quiet worker and the house was as noiseless as a cemetery. There wasn't a sound anywhere, just sinister silence. I wished that the breeze would come up again. Even the moan of trees would be better than that awful quietness.

And then it happened. Suddenly, from the innermost regions of that house came the most terrible scream I've ever heard. — Parden me, gentlemen, but I get the shakes every time I think of it.) It was inhuman, an unearthly wail that would petrify a corpse. It was long and drawn out—horrible. It started as a scream and turned into a wail. It switched to a yell, changed to a lamentation, and trailed off in a falsetto moan.

I went suddenly hollow inside. My body couldn't decide whether to take off into the night or to sink into the ground. Suddenly my legs settled the matter. They yanked me after them in a wild race for anyplace but there. I was gone.

Ever since that night I've gone straight. When I departed from that house I left my tools behind—And, gentlemen, those tools can stay, so long as old Bargatze keeps his insane relations housed there. I vowed then and there to be honest and upright and work respectably in the daylight. I am now engaged in selling stocks. If any of you boys would like to make a good investment I can give you a deal on "Wildcat Mine" at forty-nine a share.

—LAWRENCE GILES.

A PRAYER REJECTED POET ACCEPTS HIS EDITORS

God Forgive

The hasty word of scorn,
The unkind thought,
That left my bairns forlorn.
My son, my daughter dear,
I beg forgive
Me for the thing I did not under-
stand
When you in need of council
Did command.
I failed to give
That which ripe judgment
Should have known.
Impatiently
I answered you, and in your need
Left you alone.
Mine the fault
If your God turned to clay.
Mine the fault
To bring a tear your way.
May God forgive
Me for the things I failed to do
And help me be
More understanding, patient,
And more kind to you.

—Charlotte F. Dakin-White.

(The above poem appeared in the
Golden Gate Anthology Tudor House,
New York, 1939.)

Mark him great who has helped
other achieve greatness.

I pity the men and women who have
to read—
It is their job—the undiscovered poet,
To see end from beginning, the flower
in the seed,
And, when all the seed is through fan
and screen, to sow it
Where soil and rain and wind and sun
will be best
For each kind's peculiar needs—this
must be fed
With costly top-dressings, that must be
starved down
To the arduous task of becoming chil-
dren's bread
Or a man's intoxicant or a woman's
gown—
And finally to come on a buyer for
Their crops in the autumn, to neatly
label their wares:
The Only Thing for Philosopher's
Toothache, or
This is the Kind of Stuff that Wears
and Wears.
Yes, I pity the editors, who rarely, if
ever,
Pity poor me, more kind than they but
less clever.

EDMUND K. JANES

INTERPRETATION

Tear-dimmed eyes don't always mean
unhappiness,
Emotions, sad or glad, do tears em-
ploy,
Responsive senses bring a moist caress
When eyes envision pain, or deepest
joy.

—LAWRENCE R. GILES.

The Informant

EXTRA

May 1, 1939

EXTRA

Tower of East



Reminiscent of the Malayan style of architecture is this beautiful doorway at the base of one of the Towers of the East at the Golden Gate International Exposition.

*Make Reservations Early!
Accommodations for 30 Only.*

'FRIENDLIEST CONCLAVE,' SAY MEMBERS IN CHARGE OF CONVENTION PLANS

FINAL, REVISED CONFAB PROGRAM

**THE LINDSEY OF
FORBES**
Sunday, July 2, 1939
Informal reception all day
long.

APR 29 1944

Monday

9:00 am Opening of the convention. Address by a prominent speaker.

12:00 noon Luncheon.

1:00 pm Leave in private autos for a tour of San Francisco.

5:30 pm Return to Oakland.

7:30 pm Banquet in honor of Louis Kempner at the Lake Merritt Hotel. (Convention photo to be taken at this time.)

Tuesday

10:00 am Second business session. Proxy committee report. Nominations and elections.

12:30 pm Luncheon.

1:30 pm Continue business session.

4:00 pm End of session.

(Because of the wedding of two local members of the NA PA, this evening has been left open to enable all who wish to do so to attend the ceremony.)

9:30 pm Party given by Mr.

The arrangements committee for the sixty-fourth annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association today announced that the convention will be held on July 3, 4 and 5 at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house in Berkeley, Calif.

"The fraternity house has many advantages," Robert Rolley, chairman of the committee, said. "Some of the advantages which the committee saw were the opportunity for a more friendly gathering, the exclusiveness, and the convenience."

"The building will be rented for one week, beginning July second, so that amateur journalists may stay after the convention."

The convention headquarters will accommodate approximately thirty persons.

Charles Bloomer, Jr.

Wednesday

9:00 am Third business session.

12:00 noon Adjournment sine die. OAPC host at luncheon.

1:15 pm Leave by train, thence ferry for Treasure Island. Return anytime, individually or by group.

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Vol. One, Number Four 1431-34th Avenue
Seattle, Washington
Member United Amateur Press

May 1929

PROCRUSTINATION

Tired of our procrastination
Frustrated by our wrong desire
Other worlds are seeing to it,
That we're taken through the fire
That will cleanse and purify us
Till there is not left a trace
Of the human incompleteness
That has so condemned our race
When we can rise into their
Beauty
When we can their love define
When we've done by them our duty
We can join their life divine
We can learn to wield the scepter
Of their own dominion then
Using power that will completely
Harmonize our present din.

Fanny Hooper

LONG AND BEAUTIFUL

Life is beautiful, only we have
no eyes to see it. Life is long,
only we don't know how to reach
it. Life is healthy, only we
don't know what to do to attain
it; and when we do, we don't
possess self discipline to reach
that end.

All these are necessary to the

WHAT PRICE PROGRESS?

Man today is contragulating him-
self because he has humped himself
out of a rut---is more highly
civilized than his ancestors of
days back. He believes himself
rid of the barbarism and crude
traits as described in the history
books. He laughs when told that
in some parts of the world men
still want his food, sews his
clothing by hand and hews huge
trees so that he may build his
own home. "Gee," he laughs, "are
they still doing those things. I
thought that went out of style
decades ago. The shops have all
the articles I need. When I can
go down and pick what I like why
should I exert energy to make
it myself."
Mankind for the most part places
himself, his interests and customs
above all else. He prefers not
to accept anything that does not
help to bring him good cheer, com-
fort and a business that pays pro-
fits. He desires a reasonable
vacation at least yearly or oftener.
He is then presumably happy. What
matters it that upsets, troubles
or an economic, political and
social unrest is pressing the

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#61

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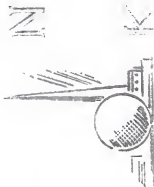
the ISLANDER SERIAL RECORD

April, 1940 JUN 28 1945

Vol. 1, No. 4



GIFT



copy GIFT

JUN 28 1945

● INKSPOT

Fall 1940

ALL FOR THE BEST

By - Wayne Williams

Ma and Pa Stewart, editors of Martinville's only newspaper, stood on the little station platform waving good-bye to their son, Bill. Bill, for whom they had worked so hard in order that he might finish his education. And now their work was finished and Bill was on his way to the City to take a job on one of the metropolitan dailies. Bill had been excited to get the job and told his folks they would be proud of him. "Well, I certainly hope he makes good," said Pa as they started back to the little shop which was the home of THE MARTINVILLE LEDGER.

Weeks passed. Bill was used to the peace and quiet of a small town and couldn't accustom himself to his new job. Everyone was in too big a hurry and didn't give a darn for the other fellow. The City Editor shouted at him and said he'd never make a reporter. So Bill went off on assignments but his heart wasn't in his work. Most of all he wanted to be near his parents, to help them, and to try to repay them for what they had done for him.

And so one day he up and quit. Just like that --- quit! Yes, his parents would be hurt and he knew he had failed on his first job. Still, he wouldn't go on slaving for that unscrupulous City Editor!

(Cont. on page 4)

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Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD WILL"

Vol. 1

November - December, 1940

No. 4

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS
From Our Home To Yours - -



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Interlude

AN OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

ANYONE who has ever published his own amateur paper is forever afflicted with the itch. When that itch has gone for twenty-one years without alleviation, it becomes unendurable. Hence this paper. In 1919 the *Olympian* and the *Bema* came to fateful end. The intervening years have seen my press and equipment pass into other hands. The urge to write has taken the perhaps unfortunate form of contributions to the Bureau of Criticism, than which, as Mr. Edkins has taken occasion to remark, practically anything is whither. Memorials of friends who have gone to join the Great Fraternity have perhaps been more acceptable, but they have had sad associations. Fairly frequent attendance at conventions of the National Amateur Press Association and at the annual Reunions of the Fossils have been the happiest bonds. But for a publisher nothing can take the place of his own paper, and well, — here I am with press and type again. INTERLUDE, as its name indicates, will be an occasional publication between numbers of the *Olympian*, which will appear from time to time, *deo volente*.

WHEN The Fossils were organized in 1904, a year before I myself entered amateur journalism, 1890 was set as the

Interlude

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THE BETRAYAL of the National Amateur Press Association this year by its major officers is unforgivable. In the case of Miss Jorgensen it is hard to comprehend. Her year as editor was very commendable. She deserved the presidency, and there was every evidence that she has the sense of responsibility and the pride in her own reputation that would make her executive year equally creditable. That once she had attained the highest office she would sink into oblivion, neglect her official duties, and ignore the urgent appeals or her correspondents was unthinkable. Yet precisely that happened. The association has suffered heavily from her neglect.

That Ralph Babcock might be a liability as official editor was recognized by many. No young man entering amateur journalism in the past decade has revealed greater potentialities yet used his talents more uncertainly and temperamentally than he. As president he had more than once played the bull in the china shop. Resigning petulantly in the midst of his administration, he occasioned the executive judges no end of trouble before with equal suddenness, he altered his mind and agreed to serve out the balance of his term. His cheap squabbles

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#C8

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JUN 28 1945

Interlude

GIFT

AN OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

YE OCCASIONAL IDLER, No. 8, 1940, from the antique shop of JJ Correll Prop, *The Careless Press*, Mt Washington Mass Ber' Co, comes gaily to amuse and to astound. A pretty wit this man Correll has and a collection of ancient borders and antique type faces and old-fashioned cuts that make his paper resemble the catalog of sale of a print shop of the days when the best hard-boiled white dress shirt could be bought for a dollar. The reader starts laughing as he reads the horizontal lines; as he rocks from side to side with mirth, his eyes catch lines running North and South; and finally, when he has completely doubled over with absolutely uncontrollable paroxysms, he finds lines upside down at the bottom of the page to make him unbend and stand erect again, though faint from fun. As he sinks into an easy chair, still clutching the *Idler* and turning its gray-green pages, he subsides into ripples of chuckles as he reads to the end. There's real old-fashioned country paper flavor in the clippings, and the reader can only grin as in youth, when these things were novel, at reading such conundrums as "What is woman's sphere? That she won't get a rich husband," and such brighticisms as "Before slates were

X-PN 1927

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Interlude

AN OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

IF WILLARD O. WYLIE really remained away from the Philadelphia convention of the National Amateur Press Association because he thought it wouldn't be worth the money, he should be the most sorrowful man in amateur journalism today. Meeting nearly fifty amateur journalists, past and present, is worth a great deal of money; and fully fifty, at one time or another, were present at Philadelphia. Participating in a lively yet completely harmonious convention of the National is worth a great deal, too; and the Philadelphia convention was precisely that. Sharing in a movement to stir the association from the doldrums that is reasonably certain of success is worth something, too, and those at Philadelphia were united in the determination to make the oldest of the organizations the greatest in achievement. Yes, indeed, every one who shared in the activities on July 4, 5, and 6 has reason to feel happy that he had the opportunity to participate.

Those who were unable to attend shared decisively in the elections. Despite Helm Spink's prediction that the election would be thrown to the convention, it turned out that most of the officers were chosen on the proxies. In most cases not even the unanimous vote of the convention would have defeated the will of the members at large, and only in the case of the executive judges, if I recall correctly, was a single ballot representing the entire convention vote cast. Mr. Spink's suggestion that those wishing to honor C. W. Smith place both his name and that of a second choice on the ballot found favor with only three who cash proxies; and the presiding officer of the convention ruled in accordance with Mr. Spink's

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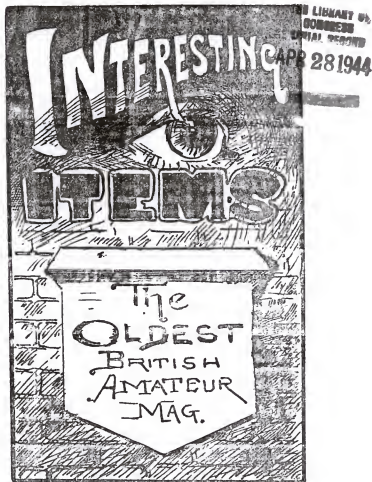
Interlude

AN OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

SHORTLY AFTER THE July INTERLUDE rolled off the press with only minor trouble, though high humidity affected the rollers, the weather decided to become genuinely overpowering. When I called my hasegment print shop The Lower Regions Press I hardly foresaw that it would so completely live up to the darker interpretation of its name. After the rollers completely disintegrated, the Coles decided to flee to cooler climes before they did likewise.

Bar Harbor and Mount Desert Island in Maine became their place of refuge. Of the many areas of sheer natural beauty that New England abounds in, this island and the adjacent Schoodic Peninsula, largely given over to Acadia National Park, are probably the most glorious. Sparkling sea; island-dotted Frenchman's Bay; miles of shore drives that afford numerous vistas of the utmost beauty; Mount Cadillac, with its three-mile ascent by automobile highway and panoramas of sea and woods and lakes and distant mountains and sunrises and sunsets that are unforgettable; and then the maze of roads amid woods and hills and past ponds and lakes; Somes Sound, the only true fiord in America, —all these make Mount Desert a miniature paradise for the enjoyment of Nature in her best lovely forms. Clear, sparkling ocean and cool invigorating air, September in July and August — one could ask for no greater gift from God as surcease from the heat and the stickiness of the city. Schoodic Peninsula, a fifty-mile drive further north through delightful villages and past inlets and shore-reaching pine forests, is even more rugged than granite Cadillac; hut to hask on the rocks in the warm sunshine as great breakers dash their spray high in the air over the most

YOUR OLD FAVOURITE!



No 641.

JUNE 1940.

1d.

NOTES

"From the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

A heart may be as full of sorrow as of joy. As much eloquence has been born of adversity as of pleasure. For every exultation there is a lamentation. To appreciate the heights one must know the depths. Sunlight is only understood by knowing the shadows.

Adversity is the prod in many lives which is constantly fought against and consistently evaded—even though the peaceless recipient knows that it is trouble which forces him to do his best. Adversity quickens the wits but burdens the heart. But the heart, for relief, flows over in an eloquence it could never know if reposing in peace and idleness.

Bliss, to me, means a state drifted into rather than attained. ("Tis folly to be wise.") No Plato, Bacon, or Edison would be happy in an enforced state of bliss. Happiness to the mentally alive is a condition of aggression and activity, of learning and accomplishing.

Heaven is an abode of the living. It is not a place of bliss for the blissful—the quietly idle are dead. "Let there be peace." In one sense, there is no peace in the mind of progressing man. There are always questions which demand answers and problems which call to be conquered. There is no complete satisfaction. In idleness there is no happiness—only bliss.

Some Christians would have us believe that salvation is assured by merely lip-confessing Christ. How absurd. Man-kind is admonished to know God. How does one know Him? By learning of Him in all of His ways—in His worlds and His creations. Can man sit languid-

ly by in the shade of a tree and expect the world to roll by in explained panorama? Are human beings (the acme of creation) to parade past with nature, soul, and body plainly exposed and analyzed and expect their untrained minds to absorb a rational completeness of the complexity?

Man is a child of the Universe. If he is to become the master of the same, he must learn how to govern—not by blind, fickle will but with knowledge.

It must be a trifle disconcerting to the self-termed atheists to find themselves doing small religious acts that their Godless creeds don't prompt or justify. Every human being is subconsciously a worshipper of Deity, and defiant as he may be in ulterior mien or in imposed reasoning, he cannot kill the innate spark of religion.

The agnostic doesn't bother explaining his conduct, either for or against God. The atheist shouts loud to drown out the innate voice which he is attempting to stifle. Allow him all the argument against God he likes—eventually he will convert himself, even though he may not admit it.

The paradoxical nature of the atheist is exemplified by the college boy who seriously came into the transitional period which involves the minds of most college people. Unable to make the compromise between science and religion, he systematically purged his system of foolish Deistic notions. In their places he instituted the sound and scientific facts of reasoning. When he had thoroughly completed the transition from religious superstition to the scientific and logical (which entirely denied existence of the Benign), he fell on his knees to thank God—that he had at last convinced himself that there was no God.

—LAWRENCE R. GILES.

AT SUNRISE

The still night air was damp and dark. Nothing moved or could be seen except the thickly placed stars in the navy blue sky overhead. Not even a light breeze came to faintly rustle the leaves on the trees. All was hushed as if anticipating something beautiful and priceless. Then, so slowly, so gently, so smoothly, it came: one corner of the sky brightened a little. The weak light spread and gradually began to envelope the entire sky. All was soft and quiet. Far-off, a lonely cock crowed hoarsely. The sound was eerie in the early morning air. The dark sky turned bluer and bluer; soon, the faint outlines of trees and rocks could be made out. They showed themselves in obscure lumpy forms. As the sky became lighter, all but one of the stars above were extinguished. It was large and bright, hanging low over the horizon. A few leaves fluttered in a silent light zephyr which suddenly rose and died. The distant cock crowed again, answered by one friend, and then another. An unseen bird in a nearby tree cheeped an instant. Loud and clear, the sound traveled easily. By the time the first streaks of maroon appeared from the east to put a glow to the few stringy clouds in the sky, the cocks were crowing without stop. More birds twittered. The red on the clouds turned copper, and as the edge of the sun peeped up over the eastern woods, the copper melted into gold. Leaving only a brightening sky with several clouds quickly hurrying away on one side, the faint morning star faded from sight. The grass sagged under heavy drops of crystal dew, and mist came off the fields. The almost monotonous crowing of the cocks, along with the singing and chirping of the birds that fluttered noisily in their trees,

had already become part of the sunrise. From everything the dull grey was fast disappearing. One saw green grass, a tan dirt road, different shades of green foliage, and grey rocks and boulders. As half the sun appeared over the forest, the golden light on the vanishing clouds turned a bright clear platinum. The trees appeared to grow with the light. In a field across the road, a cow, with empty milk udders, plodded its way from the early morning milking. It stopped in the nearby field and lowered its head to the thick grass at its feet. Behind it, its long faint shadow stretched over the field. The mist had faded until only scraps were left in the low and shaded hollows. The air felt warm and clean. A breeze came up and the leaves on the trees shivered, but the tumult of the birds continued without stop. Harsh cawing came from the distant flying crows. As the shadows rapidly became shorter, the crowing of the barnyard masters ceased. The perfectly clear sky was a wonderful picture of blue with a blazing hot circle rising on one side.

—MEYER PERLGUT.

FENCES

Around the mansion is an iron fence—
Grim, cold, secure . . .
So high that only envy and bitterness
can fly over:
Strong enough to keep hate and loneliness in.

Around the cottage is a green hedge—
Inviting and pleasing to see.
It is not too high for friendship to pass
over,
And it swing an unlatched gate which
welcomes Love.

—LAWRENCE R. GILES.

INKLINGS

FROM UTAH

No 17

MAY '40

MOTHERS' DAY

Mothers are alright I guess,
But fathers ain't so bad;
In can never think of mother—
Without thinking, too, of Dad.

We have some funny notions,
About getting sucker's dough;
We never heard of mothers' day—
'Till the greeks sold flowers, you know.

And now the Western Union,
Comes in with 'lectric flash;
S-ndin' mother telegrams—
All you need—just have the cash.

Do you think for e'en a moment,
That the sellers of this stuff;
Give a dam for mothers?
They don't—that's just their bluff.

To coax from you some money,
Of that make no mistake;
And if they didn't get it—
They'd dump mother in the lake.

It takes no advertising,
To make me think of mine;
And I don't need no remindin'
That her love was pure, divine.

But I can't help thinking also,
Of the man who paid the bills;
And so add him to my praising—
That goes with mother's frills.

So this, my Mother's day salute,
But it goes for her AND Dad;
For the one without the other—
Makes my heart feel mighty sad.

Over emphasis of this or other,
Makes a world that's upside down;
'Tis a sin to use a Mother—
To make a Dad a clown.

God made this world to balance,
And no man dare say Him nay;
There is no day for Mother—
That's not also Daddy's day.

—DANIEL B. HERRING.

MOON SHADOWS

I sat beneath the trees and watched
the moon
Cast shadows at my feet.
Graceful, flickering shadows;
Shadow patterns so complex and deli-
cate,
I feared to move, lest breath of mine
Destroy their fragile loveliness.

Slender, silent shadows, standing tall
and straight upon the grass;
Eager, quivering shadows, straining to
be free,
To dance in wild abandon through the
night
To mystic pipes of Pan.

Shadows full of tender wistfulness and
nameless yearning,
Whose groping fingers reached into my
heart
And wakened slumbering longings.

Did you ever watch the moon make
shadows on the grass?

—JEANNETTE H. DEMARS.

A PRAYER

These women are old, futile, driven;
Bewildered confusion where they have
striven.

They somehow missed their cue.

Dear Lord, I am young and sometimes
pretty;

The stage of my world is set. Have
pity—

Let me not miss my cue.

—LILLIAN M. PIERCE.

Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD-WILL"

Vol. 1

January - February, 1941

No. 5

HONORING OUR PIONEERS

By HAIG ANLIAN

Editor - People's Sun

APR 29 1944



Wm. Greenfield

As official United days, Greenfield and Franklin Days will keynote Association activity between conventions, it is now indicated. Both holidays were appropriately designated, the one in honor of United's founder, the other for America's first amateur journalist. Both were adopted through the initiative of the Hudson County chapter, one at the 1939 Jersey convention and the other at the 1940 Spokane meet. Greenfield Day is celebrated on Sept. 2nd and Franklin on Jan. 17th, or dates of meetings nearest.

The HCAPC has held two founder's days and one Franklin Day, the latter even before it was made an official day.

Continued on next page

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Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD-WILL"

Vol. 1

March - April, 1941

No. 6

APR 29 1944

To The Hudson County

AMATEUR PRESS CLUB:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY! - May 7th, 1941

These words vividly bring to mind the beginning and formation of an Amateur Press Club in our own Hudson County, four years ago.

You have traveled far since your inception; you have accomplished much; the pages of your history are filled with the records of your achievements.

Each and every one of your past Presidents attained that cherished goal of moulding you, with the principles of unity and good will, into the wonderful organization you are to-day.

I, as a member for the short period of but one year, am proud to be a part of you, to follow the footsteps of our former leaders, who by their precepts are glorifying that great IDEAL of our Founder.

X-PN 4827

#77

Louisville Convention Number

Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD-WILL"

Vol. 2

May - June, 1941

No. 1

July 4th, 1941

The Watterson Club,

Dear Folks:

After many months of planning and impatient waiting, we are at last in your beautiful City; now our dream of personally meeting the friends with whom we have been corresponding will become a reality.

We want to thank you gratefully for this, and the privilege of being Your guests!

Sincerely,

Gene Remigant

Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD WILL"

Vol. 2

July - August, 1941

No. 2

WANTED

APR 29 1944

PUBLISHERS - PRINTERS

As newly elected Publishing Chief, I thank you for your vote of confidence and will pledge myself to fulfill the duties of my office to the best of my ability.

It is my intention to personally contact by mail every member in the UNITED through the year, with the hope of recruiting more publishers.

If you are already a publisher, continue your good work, regularly.

If not, enjoy the thrill of moulding, and bringing to life, the efforts of your pen, the figments of your imagination - on paper.

Have it printed, mimeograph or typewrite it, but do it, and do it now!

If you are a printer, send me your rates, so that I can pass them along to the members.

Let's make this a banner Publishing year!

Be active - - Be an Editor!

A-PN 4827

#71

Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD WILL."

Vol. 2

September - October, 1941

No. 3

AUTUMN

Summer is gone, and high on trees
The leaves are turning red and brown,
And soon the rustling, windy breeze
Will send them tumbling gently down.

To form a magic carpet, soft
In forest, field, and wooded grove,
For you and I to walk aloft
To Nature's wondrous treasure trove.

For Nature paints at autumn time
A myriad of colors rare.

The World its canvas, rich, sublime
No artist's skill can yet compare.

The sighing winds and falling leaves,
The echo of the blue jays call,
The snapping twigs, bare limbed trees
These are the harbingers - Mr. Rain!

E. REMIGNANT

H80

THE LIBRARY OF
CONNECTICUT
HARTFORD

APR 23 1944

Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD-WILL"

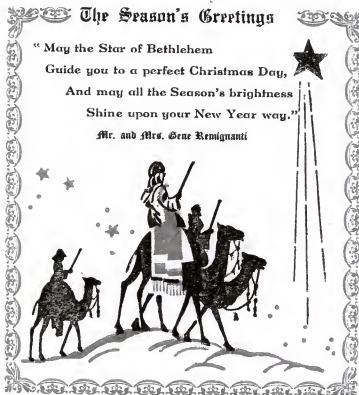
Vol. 2

November - December, 1941

No. 4

The Season's Greetings

" May the Star of Bethlehem
Guide you to a perfect Christmas Day,
And may all the Season's brightness
Shine upon your New Year way."
Mr. and Mrs. Gene Remignanti



Interlude

FEBRUARY, 1941

AN OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

THE NEXT MAJOR meeting of amateur journalists is the annual Reunion of The Fossils in New York on Saturday, April 26. Those who have experienced the glorious fraternalism of recent Reunions will not miss this opportunity to meet anew their old friends. Many who have not shared this pleasure lately have expressed their intention to do so this year. The Fossils welcome, too, the presence of amateur journalists of this day and hope to greet an even larger number of them than last year, when Harold Segal, George Trainer, Bernice McCarthy, Robert Telschow, Mildred Cole, and Felicitas Haggerty attended, as well as such still active members of the Fossils as A. M. Adams, James F. Morton, Mrs. McDonald, Vincent Haggerty, and the writer. The Reunion presents a fortunate occasion for amateur journalists of all ages to come together in jolly fellowship. Let's make the '41 Reunion a rousing affair!

Membership in The Fossils, let it be repeated for the benefit of those who may not know, is open to any amateur journalist who was active thirty or more years prior to the time of application. The number of

X-PN 4827

#82



Irish

Luck



THE CLANDESTINE
RECORDS
MAY 1944

APR 29 1944

Vol. 2

No. 1 - - - May 1941

Hykki, U.A.P. A. members, HULLO!
Hope to see, meet, and greet all of
you at the convention in Louisville, Ky.

Gee, Ed Reed and all the others are
planning so many delightful events
that I'm wondering already how to divide
and sub-divide myself so as to
attend them all and still have some
sleep. Yes, I know at conventions one
doesn't sleep but eyelids do close
you know. Have had grand letters
from UAPIAN's and want to meet the
writers in body so please (advertisement)
calling all males and females to

Louisville on July 4, 5, and 6th.
Wonder which member will come from
what farthest point, Seattle hopes
to win there.

CLOUDBURST

Mother had given me some grand news
that morning. School was to open in two
weeks and we were to have a new teacher
and were to go four months. That meant a
kit to us for we usually were able to
go only three months a year--that was
all the money the county could dig up
for the teacher's pay. So thrilled was
I with the news that I hurried off to
tell my pal, Vivian, who lived at the
bottom of the canyon a half-mile away.

The canyon was steep and a sandy trail
led to the bottom. Part way down was a
ledge plowed under and dotted with the
green shoots of growing onions, carrots
and radishes. Beyond a little rise of

H83

IN LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS SECTION

PR 29 1944

Front Seating America. P.8
The breeze wafted past with
special smells of the out-
doors while the restless
waters of White River rumbled
the song that is ever old yet
ever new - the song of the
wanderer.

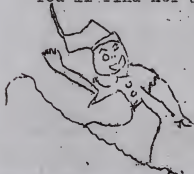
(to be continued -just wait)

- Rose Cohen -

IRISH LUCK is concocted by the
HIP of ERIN, otherwise Rose
Cohen, who loves commuting.
You'll find her at

1017 Capitol
Way, Olympia
or

1431-24 Ave.
Seattle.
in the state
of Washington.



Irish Luck

Vol. 2 - Sept. 1941

We've made a vow at the
U.A.R.A. convention at Louis-
ville, Ky. that this magazine
would be in print more frequent-
ly. There's no excuse now cause
the new typewriter has tabulator
stone and that was the main
reason before that the paper
didn't come out more frequently.
You know it is something or other
then every time one wants to
indent one must spool into the
spot. I used to hate to do
that. So now see the papers
come rolling to you all.

INEZ ROUNDER

Published Monthly By
W. J. White, Box 124, Woodside, L. I., N Y

VOL. 5.

April, 1941.

NO. 10.

AD. RATES: Adlets, 2c per word. Display, per inch (35 words or less), \$1.00. For two-color ads, add 50%. Any ad. run in three issues for the price of two. Forms close on the 15th preceding date of issue. Send your ad early for best position. Circulation this issue, 4,500 Copies. Subscription, 60c a year.

ADVERTISER'S ALPHABET

By J. S. MOORE,
(Letter Specialist)

advertise consistently — it pays.
be prompt — always.
climb the ladder to success — step by step.
don't rush; be patient.
exaggerate nothing in your ads.
file all business correspondence (keep carbon copies).
get firmly established; then make definite plans for the future.
have confidence in your ability; you'll surely need it!
investigate plans of merit.
junk Trashy schemes.
keep accurate records.
learn to write convincingly.
manage your own affairs efficiently.
never depend on others; depend on yourself!
overwork will never get you any place; get enough rest.
 procrastinate, and lose; don't delay, and win.
question: Are you qualified to work in the advertising profession?
read daily, but study what you read!
quander not a cent on "mail order tripe."
test out good ideas.
unless you are sure of yourself, don't take chances.
isolate no law; it doesn't pay.
write in a common-sense manner, and leave out all the "magic."
amine the "other fellow's" methods, but never copy him.
yesterday is past; today is present; but what about your future?
zealously carry out your plans to the end.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION
APR 29 1944

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

JUN 28 1945

Interlude

AN OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

APRIL, 1941

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1941—mark the date on your calendar. That's the day for you to attend the annual Reunion of The Fossils. The time: four o'clock in the afternoon till—. The place: the Hotel Astor, Times Square, New York City. Dinner will be served at about half past six. The tariff: three dollars. If you can't attend the dinner, at least drop in at the Reunion; you'll be welcome whether you were active in 1865 or have just cracked your shell and emerged a fledgling. You can't afford to miss the contagion of meeting with the boys, old and new. It's a *must* date.

Louis Kempner will exchange greetings with all his friends in a parlor of the Astor from one o'clock until four. Willard O. Wylie promises to be present at the Reunion. Truman Spencer will be on hand to report the completion of the *History*, his monumental contribution to amateur journalism, to which he has given of his time and services so unstintingly for full sixty years. The latest information about the publishing of the volume will be announced. Michael Boechat will come from Buffalo.

Others I am assured will be on hand include James F. Morton, the Haggertys, Burton Crane, Ralph Babcock, Harold Segal, Victor Moltoret, Jane and Bernice McCarthy, Burton Crane, Mrs. MacDonald, A. M. Adams, Robert Telschow, and the Hadley Smiths. Young Boh Smith has accepted an invitation of the Coles to be their guest for the evening. Young and old and in-betweens,—all are welcome. You are expected to be present.

ON MARCH 7 I had the great pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of

Fossil Herbert C. Parsons. Though we had long been laboring daily within a mile of one another, we had never chanced to meet. I was most happy to accept his urgent invitation, after receipt of the February *INTERLUDE* to visit him at the office of the Massachusetts Child Council, of which he has been for many years the Director. I found him a most genial host. Though for long he has not been active in amateur journalism, he retails an extremely keen interest in the institution. We spent an hour full of entertaining reminiscences of his activities in the eighties and my efforts to familiarize him with the course of events in recent years. His eager paging through of copies of the *Olympian*, the *Scarlet Cockerel*, and the *National Amateur* proved his abiding attachment to things amateur; and we found the time fleeting as we talked of George Day, Willard Wylie, Truman Spencer, Finlay Arnon Grant, Bertha York Grant, Edith Minitier, George Dunn, George Hough, Frank Wicks, Frank Roe Batchelder, and a host of others of whom we both knew.

Fossil Parsons is the author of a sizable volume narrative of his native town of Northfield, published by Macmillan several years ago. He has had a long, varied, and honorable career in journalism and in politics. For years he was on the editorial staff of the *Christian Science Monitor*, the best international newspaper published in America. For a while he was in the Massachusetts Legislature, and over a long period was in the service of the Commonwealth. When he retired from those labors, he assumed direction of the Massachusetts Child Council, a social service organ-

X-PN 4827

A36

THE LIBRARY OF
The Imperial Ajaer
MAGAZINE RECORD

NO. 1

FEB 28 1942

From Where I Sit

There is a great change due in the American due to the war. Our membership may be thinned out because many of our members are due for service in the armed forces of this country. We will have to strive all the harder to increase our activity. We may find the going harder than we have before but I'm sure we all will come out of this with flying colors. This war has given the American a chance to show how strong it is and if its able to stick together.

The thing we will need most is more publishing. More papers by few-

— To Page 4 —

X-85 AB27

#87

Ink Echoes

"LET'S WIN AGAIN ON JERSEY HILL. UNITED LIBERTY, FREE-WILL"



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 29 1942

January - February

1942

X-PN 4827

#88

Ink Echoes

"LET'S WIN AGAIN ON JERSEY HILLS UNITED LIBERTY, FREE-WILL"

Volume 2

Number 6

APR 29 1944



March - April
1942

X-PN 4827

Anniversary Number #89

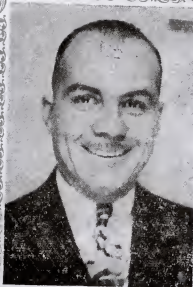
Ink Echoes

"LET'S WIN AGAIN ON JERSEY HILL. UNITED LIBERTY BELL WILL."

Volume 3

Number 1

APR 29 1944



THE EDITOR

May ~ 1942 ~ June

X-PN 4827

890
no Library of Congress
Central Serial Record
Received

Interim

NOV 5 1942

OCTOBER 1942

No. 4.

GOOD MORNING.

IN HIS LETTERS ONE LONG TIME FRIEND always salutes me with, Dear Old-Timer. True, — others have been less endearing ... Frankly now, I delight in being known as an old-timer; that, to my way of thinking, is rather a handsome compliment. O, I know there are those that resent any age implication, resent it fiercely as though 'twere something unmoral ... like my kissing my son-in-law's wife's mother's grandchildren ... or mumbling damn on learning the minister has been asked to dinner the holiday you had planned to print when to your unbounded joy you find in him ... ah, but that's quite another story, yes indeed it is.

At the convention, lately in New York, certain delegates declared that the only offices open to old-timers should be the Executive Judges.

Now, what is an old-timer ... and how did he get that way ... was it because of his years ... or his years as a member ... what number years classifies, catalogues, labels one as an old-timer.

I BELIEVE WE HAVE THE RIGHT, EVERY RIGHT TO
EXPECT ACTIVITY, AS A WRITER OR A PUBLISHER,
OF EVERY MEMBER. B.C.

Interim

NOVEMBER 1942

No. 5.

GOOD MORNING.

EDWIN HADLEY SMIEH (KITTY KAT, OCT. 1942) asks, "Why not drop all former Presidents who do not pay dues?" In some respects this is base ingratitude when we remember the valiant services given by so many at certain critical times. Unfortunately, sentiment isn't legal tender and the dollar dues of the forty-odd Ex-Presidents would be.

Why not organize an Ex-Presidents' Club, the purpose, to promote and maintain activity among N.A.P.A. Ex-Presidents.

Another suggestion of Hadley's, though belligerently radical, is, nonetheless, sensible "... refuse renewal of membership unless backed by a paper or an article printed since last Convention." And he adds, "Unless a member publishes or writes he is out of place in the National."

In short, Write, Publish or—Get Out.

Our membership lists some 400 names, of whom 50% neither do they work or spin, nor do they write,

527
472

AMATEURS WHO USE THE LOCUTION, 'I DON'T THINK,'
WOULD DO WELL TO STOP RIGHT THERE. ANYTHING
MORE DOESN'T MATTER. —E. A. E.

Interim

DECEMBER 1942
No. 6.

GOOD MORNING.

MICHAEL WHITE'S "DREARY WASTE OF 'CORRECT' poetry," in THE FORRER LEAF CLOVER, is the best definition of what poetry is *NOT* that I have seen in a long time.

One can, of course, adhere to the prescribed rules of form and rhythm and so, manufacture a masterpiece. Something that may look like poetry, yes, and even sound like poetry.

But it will take more than rules and regulations to give it that something to make it live.

Through the years critics, for one reason and another, have damned whole-heartedly certain poems. Yet, despite ridicule, sneers and what-nots of the super-critical-know-it-all, the poems reached the hearts of those who could understand, and love, and appreciate . . . and the poems lived . . . and will continue to live as long as hearts throb with the ecstasy of love and freedom to think.

X-

The Ink Spot

#75

Vol. I

Fall, 1943

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION
No. 1

JUN 28 1945

Hello AAPAer's I am just a tiny Ink Spot, but as more ink is spilled onto me I hope to grow large in size.

Ye Editor has been an AAPA member over 3 years. But due to being an invalid have been inactive.

I have only 7 years schooling and would appreciate some help for future issue's.

X-PN 4827

#94

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

The Ivory Tower

"Scanning History in the Making"

DOPT
OFFICIALS IN DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

Issue 1

Good Old Summertime

1943

The Super Woman

Once the Hyper-Super Woman humbly begged us for our votes.

Now, alas, she wants our trousers; she's sick of her petticoats.

She assumes strange airs of freedom, throws aside all etiquette.

Cuts her hair, talks of Ibsen, and smokes a dainty cigarette.

"We are greater than the men are; we are stronger, we are wiser!"

Spouts a half-baked Super Woman, fierce defiance in her eyes.

You are greater? Yes, my lady. Ibsen said so in his plays.
Why then clamor for our trousers? Why then imitate our ways?

—Anonymous

These sprightly lines of rhyme appeared in an old N. Y. newspaper, nearly a generation ago. Both author, unidentified, and paper are gone from the current scene. Yet it is significant in the light of Woman's place in world affairs, particularly in the war effort.

X-PN 4827

#95

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

MAR 12 1943

Intermezzo

Copy 1

First Number

RIVERSIDE, CONNECTICUT

March, 1943

BETWEEN THE ACTS

WELL, Folks, I have decided to join the Inter Club (accent on the first syllable of Inter, please). Cole gives us his *Interlude* between Olympians and Parker has nobly met the demand for continuous activity on the part of the President with his *Interim* between Baurdages. So here now is an INTERMEZZO between the Rip Van Winkler and a possible future number of the *Go Ahead*, 1943 model. At least it will serve as an assurance that I have not backslid into another sixty-year somnolence. An intermittent Fossil, perhaps.



The National Amateur Press Association should cease to be a mendicant and put itself on a sound and self-respecting fiscal basis. The benevolences of individuals are praiseworthy for their helping-hand motive but they are all wrong in principle. Equal sharing of the financial burden by all members should be the rule. Fix the dues at \$2 and cease passing the tin cup in order to get enough pennies to pay for printing the *National Amateur*. Some of the younger members say they would gladly pay \$2 dues if they did not have to pay mailing bureau charges. With two dollars coming from every member

482
#96

Portraits of homely men who became President
of the N. A. P. A., observes Sophronisba, is
strangely comforting.

Interim

JANUARY 1943
No. 7.

GOOD MORNING.

Our somnolent little gods, hibernating with their old-time glories on padded pedestals, resent the intrusion and disturbing influence of the uncultured iconoclasts who, with pencil, pen and typewriter, dare murmur nay, dare to challenge Precedent! the Holy of Holies! ☛ As a matter to ease, a good little god, a very nice little god, may take just the teeniest, weeniest of little turns provided Precedent is never disturbed. Why, this sacrilege may bring down upon you, sir of flashing eye and shaven pate, minion of Farley the Late, or you ma'am, with marceled curls in amber tints, O unlucky ones, in your time the Ancient Curse! And dire the Penalty. Yes, terrible as is the Penalty, it is just THAT! ☛ O, Friends of my Third Youth, yea be content. ☛ Invade not the Sacred Precints of the Holy of Holies. Kow tow to the little gods. Let all Amateurdom resound with paeans. Let there be column succeeding column in Upper Case, Yea, and in *Italics Bold*,—in Commemoration of the Glory that is Their's. ☛ Sound the

It is noticeable, comments Anastasia, that a certain amateur who never makes a mistake owns a "collection" of rubber erasers.

Interim

FEBRUARY 1943

No. 8.

GOOD MORNING.

—Bet you don't know who wrote, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Of course you know of to whom it refers,—well it was Henry Lee; now you do know. And who was Henry Lee? Aw, heck,—ask Albert.

—Reading about the Vichy Government makes one wonder how we amateurs ever managed to work up so much moral indignation about discarded proxies, purloining of literary raiment, just to mention 2 of the 57 Varieties of the tempestuous Naughty Naughts. ¶ Confession may be good for the soul,—that New Jerseyite had his smartly tapped.

—A grammarian (save the mark) dropped in to tell us that he deplored the expression, "I'll be ready in a couple of minutes," as disturbingly ungrammatical as well as a physical impossibility. Goodness knows, Sophy tried.

—"All subject matter foreign to amateur journalism should not appear in our papers," complains a member. Isn't this rather a "spiritless ambition?"

It took Frank Roe Batchelder, an old-timer,
to give us youngsters The Go A-head sign.

Interim

MARCH 1943

No. 9.

GOOD MORNING.

THE What can be more inviting than an open
OPEN door, a door in cheery-white and polished
DOOR. brass? You step inside, not from idle curiosity, indeed no, but because of that magnetic something we call welcome, a welcome that is so,—well, I almost said, enticing, but that's hardly the word. And yet, is there anything more enticing than an open door that gives you a peak, a tantalizing peak, at a home, a home you know is lived in and not a repository with odds and ends labeled art and tagged with comments to excite envy and curry praise and pseudo-admiration. There are, alas, many just such places mis-labeled home.

Ah, but here is a home. Instinctively you know it,—you feel it,—it radiates . . . home.

Intrigued, you enter.

There will be an open fire this chilly time o' the year. O, but there must be one. No door held so invitingly open could disappoint you as to that. No, of course not. And your hostess, as did the gentle fairy in Anderson, or was it Grimm, with a cordial welcoming word, a wave of the hand, and ere you

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JUN 28 1945
INTERMISSION

Vol. 1

December 1944

No. 1

INTERMISSION is co-edited by Doris Schwanke and Hallock Card and is the pause between issues of "The Bond". Intermission is distributed through the AAPA and UAPA mailing bureaus. It will contain poems, odd notes, and humor. Watch for Hal's opinions concerning anonymous journals. What has happened to the Printers' Exchange? ? ? ?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
War Bonds Are A Good Buy For You

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hallock Card wants little-known poems about our flag. Two color envelopes in exchange.

"Meet Regina Taylor" in the November MONTHLY HERALD merits your attention.

Edited and Published by { Doris Schwanke, 34 Elmwood Terrace,
Irvington, New Jersey
and
Hallock Card, Otselec, New York

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORDS

H100

THE JUN 28 1945

INK

SPOT

Vol. 1

DECEMBER 1944

No. 3

MELODY

by
Russell Louis Paxton

I love a blue bird flying
High in skies of blue,
Where purple shades are dying,
Singing dear of you.

Such song of rapture winging,
Tears the heart of me;
Sets the whole world singing
Of your ecstasy.

Yet not with song thus doing
Can a bird of blue
Tell how much I'm cooing
In my love for you.

Courtesy of the Manuscript Bureau

REMEMBER THE WAR FUND

X-PN 4827
IMPROVISATION
AUTUMN 1944

#101

*"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat night has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."*



*B. F. Bianchi died the night of January 19th of a heart
attac't while preparing for bed. His wife died December 11th.*

Interbastation

NUMBER 7

JANUARY, 1944

BENJAMIN FAROLI BIANCHI

HAVING practically no interest in the resultant hatchings from eggs with calcareous shells, in fact, anything ornithological, does not mean the same applies to Bennie Bianchi's *Mocking Bird*. That was a bird unlike any bird Aububon ever classified. No defense is offered that its song was not a jumble of raucous screechings. No typographical bird fancier would ever insist its plumage was the most pleasing arrangement of diversified feathers whose colors blended so harmoniously. No—But, to repeat, Bennie's *Bird* was a model of imperfection that despite disregard of all the norms it managed to make of itself a National institution. A four page folder, it was neither a fitting pattern for budding type tyros to try and duplicate, nor was it gifted with any qualifications of that illusive gadfly, the ideal amateur paper.

In the first number, November 1935, appeared: "The Editor, Printer and Publisher of this little sheet begs the indulgence of his readers for the typographical and other errors contained therein inasmuch as he hasn't previously

X-PN 4827

INKY FINGERS

#103

No. One

September 1944

"Inky Fingers," a new journal put out by a fairly new member for other members of the National Amateur Press Association, and called that because from past experience with Swiftset rubber type presses, they usually are.

Having been a member of N A P A for about six months, I thought that I would like to print a paper of my own. This is the finished product. Any criticisms offered by older, more experienced members will be greatly appreciated.

I want to thank all those persons who have helped me get acquainted with N A P A by sending me copies of thier papers. I am also indebted to Wilametta Turnepseed, who has done much to help me in AJ.

Interlude

Published in the Interests of The Fossils

Volume 2

November, 1944

Number 4

Truman Joseph Spencer

Born, May 29, 1864

Died, September 28, 1944

TRUMAN JOSEPH SPENCER

A gentle man, yet a man who wrought
With strength, but uttered, by voice or pen,
No unkind word and no evil thought;
He lived foursquare to his fellow-men.
His heart was a wellspring of pure goodwill;
A mortal, at times he must have erred,
But his stainless life is a beacon still;
His deed but mirrored his given word.

We shall miss his counsel, his modest mien
That masked the service he gave our cause,
But his record will keep his memory green,
And now, at his passing, we well may pause
To honor him, not with transient tears,
But with love in which thanks and sorrow blend;
In our own small cosmos he had few peers;
I am proud to think that he called me friend.

Frank Roe Batchelder

The distressing death of beloved Truman Spencer occurred when this issue was going to press. It has necessitated complete alteration of plans; and press of duties and brevity of time have made it impossible to prepare an adequate memorial of this dear friend and most cherished of Fossils. Yet from my files I have drawn a letter that Truman Spencer

wrote me after his eightieth birthday, and I publish it now as possibly the finest evidence of the spirit of him whose passing we all mourn:

May 29, 1944.

My dear Cole,

Today I am eighty years old, but I can hardly realize it, I feel so full of life. But yesterday the folks in the community gave me a surprise Birthday Party in the Congregational Parish House, largely attended, with an immense

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the ISLANDER
on amateur publication
AAPA charter A-17

the ISLANDER No. 105

Learning the Trade

ROBERT E. KUNDE

My first days spent in the print shop were hours of discouragement and disappointment. But I returned. The smell of the ink and the rumble of press seemed to have wormed into my blood. It could no longer be resisted and in spare moments I found my feet leading me in the general direction of my shop. Other small jobs soon followed and each offered its own peculiar and puzzling problems. They were faced with fear and many times I decided to give up the entire affair and cast all thoughts of type and press aside and to turn to a less strenuous and nerve-wracking hobby. But after a peaceful night's rest, I was again

to page 3

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the ISLANDER

PRINTED AT



Vol. 1

::

No. 1

X-PN 4827

#107



IMPROVISATION

A JOURNAL OF NO IMPORTANCE

Written & Printed by Allen Crandall



"The adventure of life was glorious and the magic of moments of love and pity and understanding beyond description or thanks. In a sun-haze of exquisite memories I, too, like a God, look upon the world and say it was all good."

Introducing

DOROTHY M. BRANDON

In 1941 when I first met Dot she was working for the weather bureau at the air port in Casper, Wyoming. I marvelled that she was able to interpret the many intricate machines.

Dorothy dresses for comfort and can be seen in slacks as often as dresses. She is a girl with a mind of her own—and does not always follow the crowd. She finds enjoyment in good music, clay modeling, painting and good books, especially historical novels. She also goes for malts, parfaits, bowling and movies. Her personality is as refreshing as her credential herein printed. I trust that she and the N.A.P.A. will like each other as well as I think they will.

—ELAINE J. MEERS

THE ART OF EATING PEAS
or
HOW TO ROLL YOUR OWN

As you probably all know, peas are small green circular legumes, which come enclosed in a vacuum packed pod or can. Of course, by the time most of us come to the battle of wits against these small animate objects, this outer covering has been removed. When the maid presents you with an offering of peas, do not leave them as though they were merely decoration and part of a color scheme plotted by your conniving hostess; roll up your sleeves (figuratively) and conquer these pests of the dinner table. (Thank heavens, no one has as yet introduced them at breakfast.)

They can be smashed by an panzer division (fork to you) but this is rather

a disgusting performance as it is against Queensbury rules to strike while the opponent is down or out. And this is precisely what it usually is: out — on the table, on your lap, on your neighbor's lap, even on your hostess' lap, but serves her right. At this point the wisest thing is to ignore them—probably you were never properly introduced to them anyway—might even be your neighbor's, how can anyone tell—or are they branded?

There is still one method I would like to discuss; that is the use of a knife—not to slice them (which is a thought) but to project them down the throat. This art is little known now that sea captains have ceased being rugged and hardy men—now they're just men but that's enough for any female. Let's forget the art of knifing your peas—might slip and remove your tonsils which is against the law unless you have a permit.

When you rise from the table, you'll find the last of the wandering horde as it squishes underfoot. The only solution to this momentous problem is when the invitation is offered, ask the hostess if peas are being served and if so—leave town for a month.

—DOROTHY M. BRANDON
145 E Avenue
Coronado, Calif.
Credential for membership
in N. A. P. A.

(Editor's note: I can't refrain from adding the following which I first read in Bianchi's "Mocking Bird.")

"I eat my peas with honey;
I've done so all my life.
It makes the peas taste funny
But it keeps them on my knife."

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15 1-10

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 29 1945

IMPROMPTU

COPY ~~317~~

FIRST ISSUE

INTRODUCTION

The I's have it and so without further hesitation, Impromptu is added to the others in the field, to mention a few: Interlude, Interim, Interbastation, Interesting Items Independent Intermezzo and now Improvisation.

This new paper and title is not of recent origin, as a matter of fact, it existed in our mind for more than a year. There's a particular pleasure attached to the printing of one's own paper so once again we start reaching for the type.

The word Impromptu is more or less a musical term, meaning a short instrumental piece rather extemporaneous, though the term is often given to music not in the least extemporary. We have great esteem for music, quite equal to that which is held for amateur journalism, the choice of such a title for our paper unites the two in a

THE

*Bring A Lump Though Enthusiastic Revival
Of that Infamous Cleveland Daily of 1941*

IMMOBILE FINGER

70th Convention—Cleveland—July 5, 1945

Wma., Sesta and Haywood Head New Administration

Casting of the entire convention voting strength for Willametta, on top of her already comfortable block of 75 proxies, gave the Turbulent Turnepseed a second term as President on the first ballot. Runner-up Alf Babcock had 41 proxy ballots. There were about 125 mail ballots cast.

Sesta Matheison was similarly swept into the Vice Presidency, with the entire convention vote added to her 58 proxy ballots.

Choosing of a Recorder required three ballots, with Ken Weiser emerging victorious.

Charging up from third place in the proxies, Bill Haywood was elected Official Editor, also on a third ballot.

Barely a yawn of protest was heard as New York was chosen for the 1946 Convention city although a gazetteer list of other cities enjoyed a sparse sprinkling of votes.

JUN 28 1945

THE INDIANA AMATEUR

Volume 2

First Quarter 1945

Number 1

LITTLE THINGS

It's little deeds of kindness
And the joy in someone's smile
It's sharing things with others
That will make life seem worth-
while.

Have you words today been spoken
With a kindness which might make
The day a little brighter

For some other person's sake?
You might change the day com-
pletely

For somebody if you try;
It takes so little effort just
To smile when passing by.
If you'll share your things with
others

You'll make someone happy too;
When you make somebody happy,
You'll find you are happy, too.

Blanche Edith Skelton

— • —

EXPERIMENTER

When he was just a little boy
He wondered this and wondered
that —

Who made the world? What is a
cow?

Why do we say "blind as a bat?"

He found out this and he found
out that

"Till experiments taught him better
For now he knows the reason why
That some girls wear a sweater.

— Everett Miller

— • —

A FRIEND OF LONG STANDING

When I enumerate the friends I
know

I find you are the most steadfast
of all

And yet you are the last to whom
I go

To seek companionship. I can re-
call

Few hours that I have spent with
you, but still

They multiply. Sometimes your
fond embrace

Brings pain and then I must con-
fess you fill

Me with a longing for some other
place.

But you forgive my infidelity

To welcome me again each time
without

A sign of injured pride or jealousy
Though I am rude to you I have
no doubt

That you will hold me close 'till I
am dead

For you have always been my
faithful bed.

— Verne Moore

— • —

THUMBNAIL BIOGRAPHY

Tec. 5 Everett Miller

Born January 21, 1917 at Reels-
ville, Indiana. Education: Reels-
ville Elementary School, Reels-
ville High School, Indiana State
Teachers College, Army Signal
Corps School at Fort Monmouth,
N. J. Married Helen Elizabeth
Pritchard, August 29, 1941. Some
former occupations: farm hand,
railway section worker, salesman,
packing plant worker, cashier, and
five years of elementary teaching
at Reelsville, Ind. Literary produc-
tions: About 85 verses published
in The Indianapolis News, The In-
dianapolis Star, Grit, Pied Pipers
Kansas City Poetry Magazine, and
The American Courier. Entered
U. S. Army May 18, 1943

— • —

Horse sense is the sense a horse
has that keeps him from betting
on a man.

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H112

Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD-WILL"

Vol. 3

September-October, 1946

No. 4

CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

NOV 1-1946

Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD-WILL"

GENE REMIGNANTI
1325 86TH ST., NORTH BERGEN, N. J.
UNION 7-3473



1946
Convention Notes

X-PN 4827

#117

Improvisation

Written & Printed by Allen Randall

5



*"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight."*

X-PN 4827

1911

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*"Till Nature to her greenest comes,
And, with her May that blossoms white,
Bursts her full bodice, and reveals
Her fair white body in the light."*



IMPROPTU

Number Two

January 1946

THE OLD WOOD ROAD

*I roamed in sadness where a broken wall,
With soft, primeval moss around,
Proclaimed a deadened road; and felt the call
Of gallant oaks long since disrowned
By heavy-armed assailants——braving doom,
With leaf-robcs torn, yet dragged in chains
Of triumph through some great log-castled room.
I walked as though in drowsing rains;
Dark thoughts and silent words were mine,
 oppressed
By disappointment's blighting law . . .
But soon, while slow I climbed a sun-warm crest,
A brightness came to me. I saw
The ancient woodman's trail again. It curved
Through hearted fields of daisies strown
Amid the ripening hay——with hills upswerved
That traced the fading path, unknown,
High to a forest wrapped in golden clouds . . .
My sorrow threw aside its load
To gain this bourn where darkness weaves
 no shrouds . . .
Forever gone, the old wood road.*

Frank Earle Schermerhorn.

Improvisation

A PERSONAL AMATEUR JOURNAL



" . . . These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such--
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . "



Ink Echoes

"FROM BEYOND A JERSEY HILL, COMES AN ECHO OF GOOD.WILL."

JULY - 1949 - SPECIAL

When I moved from North Bergen last October, I sold all my printing equipment. But this month I purchased a 5 by 8 press, so now I hope that when time permits I can publish an issue of "Ink Echoes" now and then.

I must still get a body type in order to print my regular four page issue, so for the present my issues will follow this in format.

It feels good again to push a printing press, smell the ink, and get another issue of my paper out in the "Bundle."

Are you planning to go to the Convention? I am - Don't miss it - There will be some fireworks!!!



Edited and Published by

Gene Remignanti

12 JEFFERSON AVENUE
HARBORCREEK HEIGHTS, N. J.

X-PN 4627

#118

Interlude

Volume IV

Number II

January, 1949

INSPIRATION

VOL. 1. NO. 1

MEMBER U.A.P.A.

SEPTEMBER, 1949

EDITOR - - MARGE MILLER - - 9429 Darnell Ave., Bellflower, California
 Associate Editors - - My Kids - - Also members of U.A.P.A. - I hope -

Introducing myself:

Five foot five inches tall. Slender. Blue eyes.

Brown hair. 35 years old- shouldn't have said that- a woman should keep that secret- or should she? Have a great guy for a husband by the name of OLAN. He's not the least bit interested in writing, tho. We have five youngsters - which isn't stylish these days.

Introducing "INSPIRATION" :

With the help of a nice fellow called George A. Beechme who will mimeograph this paper --- "INSPIRATION" is launched. I like the saying "It's everybody's newspaper"- so please send in some of your work. Suggestions are welcome. Send them to me.

QUIZ :

WHAT IF---- "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS ?"

1. An umbrella is opened in the house ?
2. You drop a dishrag ?
3. A rocking chair stops by itself ?
4. Your right eye itches ?
5. Bottom of foot itches ?

The answers are on the next page. Please send in contributions of any superstitions you know and the answers to them.

THE SCRATCH PAD

Some dogs are treated like people and some people are treated like dogs.

Sometimes saying, "I'm sorry", is a poor excuse --- but a poor excuse is better than none.

A good paint job on a woman can cover the scars of living-but, look into her eyes--- they are as tell-tale as a bad motor in a good looking machine.

A hobby is a broom with which to sweep discontent from your mind.

Saving for a rainy day is swell--- if it doesn't stop you from enjoying the sunny ones.

- - - - -

INSPIRATION

VOLUME 1 - NO. 2

NOVEMBER 1949

MARGE MILLER, EDITOR
9429 DARNELL AVE.,MEMBER UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
BELLFLOWER, CALIF.

DANNY

May I introduce my son, Danny? He is eleven years old, red-headed and likes baseball, but due to the fact he recently was found to have rheumatic fever he can't play for some time. And as he cannot go to school a home teacher comes five days a week for an hour a day. He has apparently inherited my joy in receiving letters because he is asking for pen pals. If any one reading this has children who would be interested in writing him, I know he would like it very much. He has a hobby of making log cabins out of match sticks.

We gather them up very patiently.

QUIZ - WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS?

These were sent in by LINTON CLARK, ABINGTON, CONNECTICUT recently-

- What if-
1. - Left palm itches?
 2. - You drop a knife?
 3. - Right palm itches?
 4. - You drop a fork?

Answers on following page.

Linton Clark has some interesting things to say about superstitions. He believes hunches and premonitions border the psychic. It is a controversial subject. An interesting sidelight on superstitions came from Bernard Turteltaub, 18 James St., Englewood, N.J. He says if bottom of foot itches, 'take a bath'. And if your right eyes itches, 'perhaps a blonde just passed by'.

THE SCRATCH PAD

It is useless for a woman to save money for her old age. Old age is never today---maybe tomorrow.

Some people pity parents. They don't need pity. They need patience, plenty of pennies, prudence and persistence.

Hope is like a fire; easily kindled but hard to quench.

Early morning is a boon to ambition. Too many of us sleep through it.

The world is full of willing people: some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.

Women still remember the first kiss after men have forgotten the last.

INSPIRATION

#121

VOL. I NO. 3

MEMBER U.A.P.A.

DECEMBER 1949

Editor---Marge Miller 9429 Darnell Ave. Bellflower, California

MERRY CHRISTMAS! That is a very common saying, isn't it, around this time of year? But, let me tell you, though it is a tradition to say Merry Christmas, I mean it very sincerely. I hope everyone who reads this has a very happy time. Not only do I hope the gifts you receive thrill you but that you also have an inner reserve of contentment from which you can draw. Sometimes we commercialize Christmas so that only the material things seem to count; we forget it's Somebody's birthday.

I hope you have worked out a plan of life that will stand you in good stead regardless of circumstances and material things. I have not yet reached the goal I would like to attain in this matter, but I am always striving. I would like to always be on an even keel, never have moods, and always be able to cope with whatever comes. I believe it takes a heap of trying, some deep down faith and the rock on which we can begin to build this wonderful peace of mind can be our attitude toward our fellowman.

In this conjunction I would like to cite some actions of fellowship which I, personally, can be thankful for. High on this list is a letter written by George Boehme to my son, Danny. He took the time and trouble to write Danny a most wonderful and inspirational letter. It is one of Danny's prized possessions. Too, George does the mimeographing for both of us with very little recompense. And the letters which he has written me are full of encouragement and brightens my outlook. Danny has been cheered by letters from Belle S. Mooney, little Betty Jo Totman and Eddie Daas.

Receiving letters or cards is one of my greatest enjoyments. I, like Irma, received a card from Holland. Thanks J. Homan. It is the one and only mail I have ever received from a foreign land and I'm very proud of it. I would also like to thank these persons for writing me:--- L.E. Horcross, Paul E. Pross, Jr., Edwin Brooks, Robert E. Woodward, Eleanor A. Totman, Belle S. Mooney, Ted Flach, Irma Reitei, Marvin Sanford, Bernard Turtletaub, John Quigley, Estle A. Morales, Linton Clark, Jim Dolin, Percy Grover, Eddie Daas, Emerson Duerr, Laura Stafford and George Morgan Knight. Mr. Knight has written me many times and has been a great encouragement to me to keep on with my writing. I get discouraged easily, which is bad, but George says in various ways to keep a stiff upper lip and keep trying. By keeping on, a fellow does achieve a slight measure of material success but far and beyond that, is the enjoyment I receive from belonging to this organization. Think of the friends we can all make! And the fun of receiving letters with no rejection slips in them! If I have left someone out who has written me, maybe I have done so on purpose, so that I'll receive another letter from them telling me so. I hope to gather up my pennies and send lots of Christmas greetings. That's a hint, too.

You may all be bored with such a solid page of writing, but even so, remember: - "MERRY CHRISTMAS."
Letter today from Samuel A. Swindoll to Danny. Thanks.



SPRING

IN BETWEEN

1949

Alexia Jamison Rosbrook
Member - National Amateur Press Assn



WHO - NAPA
WHAT - CONVENTION
WHY - CELEBRATE 74th YEAR
WHEN - JULY 1949
WHERE - HOTEL ST. GEORGE, BROOKLYN *

* Any resemblance to our national bird is intentional. The bald eagle sometimes lives to be over 150 years. If man ate and lived as he should he could live to be 150 - growing old gently.

(Free use of the swimming pool for Hotel guests)

You may even see a tree growing in Brooklyn. Try to come.

FARMER'S LOVE SONG

I climbed a hill in Connecticut
To a white house with shutters of green
Chickens nibbled corn on the gravel

walk-

Fed by the girl of my dreams-my queen.
The cows were mooing in the vale
The horses neighed for grain-
I made her listen to my tale

My heart was in such pain.
I'm sitting on the hill of joy-
When I'm with you.

The soil of my heart is fertile
With love for you.

I'm down in the valley of despair
When you're away-

My life is like a desert
The live long day.

Let's stay on the hill of joy
The soil of marriage we'll till;
And when we go down the hill of life-
I'll love you still.

SNAPSHOTS

It is a boy - eight pounds one ounce
At present, much too small to bounce.
Here is a picture - one month old.
Looks just like me - so I am told.
Six months here, very robust, too,
See his mouth, he's going to coo.
In this snap he is just a year,
A toddler, my baby dear.
Time marches on - he's five years now
As sailor boy he takes a bow.
Cub Scout, Boy Scout, picnics and hikes
Everything a strong boy likes.
Dark blue suit - his graduation-
High school next- congratulation.
Nineteen forty - rookie soldier-
Then the War which made him bolder.
Photo of Sergeant and his bride
They look so happy side by side.
Back in civvies- six feet tall-
I close my album- that is all.

HUSH, MY BABE, AND SLEEP

The sun has set with crimson hues
And lavenders and pretty blues;
The stars twinkle and it is night-
Moon rises awondrous sight.
Lights in houses shining all around
Kiddies go to bed and soon sleep sound.
Above the hill the shadows creep;
Close your eyes, dear, don't you peep.
May angels guard my little pearl,
And mother will pray for her small girl.
To girls and boys the sandman comes
So hush, my babe, and sleep, and sleep.
I see the sandman coming nigh
So hush, my babe, And sleep, and sleep.

The rich have many things
That poor folks do without;
But what they share in common
Are rainy days and gout.

In some foreign countries, including Italy, May is the month for the old and deceased, while June is the month for the young and the living. How appropriate that Memorial Day is in May and that June is the popular month for brides.

FLAG DAY is June 14th- that is the Logical time for 'I AM AN AMERICAN' Day.

INSPIRATION

MARGE MILLER, Editor

9429 Darnell Ave.,

Bellflower, Calif.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Several people have wondered how I, having five children and 101 household duties, could ever have the time or the inclination to WRITE. Fact is, I don't HAVE free time to do it. There is never any time left over where there isn't something to do like mending or a dozen other chores. But, the I look at it every person needs SOMETHING besides a regular job, something on which they can put their creative talents.

Some people enjoy this creativeness by concocting new dishes to eat; others enjoy keeping a perfect house, re-arranging furniture or painting their walls harmoniously and so on. Still others enjoy tending a lovely flower garden. All this, you see, is for enjoyment and release from the tension of their workaday lives. So, Though it is often hard to do, in a way, because of the nature of it, I take time out to vent my creative urge on writing. The reason I say it is hard, because of the nature of it, is because to write, one needs quietude and freedom from interruption. I don't have those things but I honestly sincerely believe I would not be any better off if I had them. Some people write better under pressure...I do not write good; I am the least among you, but if I did not have the problems and joys which I do have I might not be able to write at all.

I am going to give you a reprint of a sample column which I do for our local paper. If any of you would be interested in sending me some observations such as the top part of this column, I would include them and send you the column which contains your works. I have used works, mostly poems, from Larry Norcross, Robert H. Woodward, Percy Grover and Amana Peacock, all U.A.P.A. members.

SCRATCH PAD

Observations from INFORMER :

Too many of us conduct our lives on the cafeteria plan...self service only.

A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend.

The man whose pants wear out before his shoes is making too many contacts in the wrong place.

If a man saves money these days he isn't a miser...he's a wizard.

Give a man enough rope and the package will still come apart in the mail.

INSPIRATION

MARGE HILLER, EDITOR

9429 DARNELL AVE., BELLFLOWER, CALIFORNIA

Hello, everybody! When I first started publishing INSPIRATION my hope was to publish each month. However, things have intervened to prevent it. For several months, beginning last fall, we thought Danny, our son, had rheumatic fever. All last summer he carried a paper route covering four miles a day. He became ill. But here is the happy news. He has been through a clinic in Los Angeles, with complete examinations and tests and they say he DOES NOT have rheumatic fever! He has gained weight through the winter's rest..feels fine and is to start back to school soon.

This month marks my one year in U.A.P.A. I have had worlds of enjoyment from this organization. I have made new friends through letters and also the association with other writers has kept me encouraged to keep on writing.

The following has been in my desk for some time. I can imagine Percy getting a big kick out of writing it. It's too good to pass up, so I wish everyone would read it.

THE MISSION BELLS DONE TOLL ME

by Percy(full of humor) Grover

I have searched by the hour for the town of Bellflower
 Somehow, I must be a sap.
 I can find Luis Obispo, where they all cook with 'crisco'
 But Bellflower's not on my map.
 There is Mount Temilpais that stands on a bias
 Above Oakland and Old Frisco Bay.
 And there's a little Redondo, and, oh, yes, El Segunde
 And mission bell town, Monterey,
 The sailors all say, 'oh! the town of Vallejo
 Is worse than the town of San Pedro
 And the town of La Jolla is bound to annoy ya
 It'll drive you to Napa or San Yaidre.'
 So, Marge, 'fore I go to where Scapa flo
 And sardines play tunes on a piano
 One thing tell me, pray, 'fore the guards lead me away
 What's the bird route to San Juan Capistrano?

LAMP LIGHTER

The little lamps of friendship
 We light along the way,
 Go shining on far down the years,
 And brighten every day.

'Tis love that keeps them burning
 In sympathy and trust,
 God help us that no lamp goes out,
 Because we let it rust.

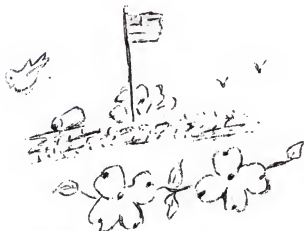
Observed by Geo.A. Roelme

PH 4827

#125

IN * B E T W E E N Lexy Rosbrook

SPRING 1950 790 Riverside Drive
New York 32, N. Y.



YOU CAME BACK AND MADE IT SPRING

Just a year ago today-

I was fooling far from gay
I'd lost the only girl I ever loved.
And the days seemed oh so long-
And everything went wrong

So I sang this sonenado of love:
Chorus:

In the spring I was happy when I
met you
In the summer I was happy, too,
In the fall I was sad when we parted-
When the troos lost their leaves,
I lost you.
Now it's winter every day,
And every night I pray
That you'll come back to me and
make it spring.

And now it is today-
And I'm feeling oh so gay-
I've got the only girl I ever loved.
And the days are far from long
Cause nothing now is wrong
As I sing this melody of love:

TAKE A TIP-

Wintor or summer- Rain or shine-
Salads and fruits - Will help
keep you fine.

SPRING COMES TO GOVERNORS ISLAND

Coming out of the office, I stood on the porch watching a robin alighting on a forsythia bush nearby. The air was clear and mild. Overhead the sky was azure but for a stray cloud reminiscent of a forgotten sky-writing ad.

The grass in the Generals Park was spreading the good news that winter had departed. Treos were happily preparing for their spring and summer festival. Along the Coloneis Row and elsewhere the hedges were declaring they approved of 'the wearin' o' the green.' The dogwood tree and the little garden in front of the Commanding Generals Quarters would soon be in full bloom.

Walking along to the pier, I heard the new chimes in the stone chapel. How beautiful it sounded- like the spring a promise of life renewed. A contrast to 1775 when religious services were held in the open, or if the weather was stormy, in a tent. I passed Fort Jay and tried to envision what the old Fort was like in Revolutionary Times with the moat filled with water and the drawbridge in action. Now tiny blades of grass were growing in the arid moat, and only the black painted chains at the entrance reminded one of the old drawbridge.

Above, on the ancient parapet, the grass was groenor, and near the entrance on each side stood two ample cannons, like sentinels of old. Old glory was still flying on high- 530 P.M. retreat in spring and summer.

Sitting on the upper dock of the boat as it left the dock, I saw the few troos and grass along the bank from Buttermilk Channol to Castle Williams (the prison). And as we passed Miss Liberty in the distance, one could imagine a trip across the ocean instead of across the Bay. Yes, even the little forry boat seemed gay. Spring had come to Governors Island.



Impressions Of Leisure

"PI of 86 "

FADED AND crumpled copies of two ancient newspapers came to light recently when Mrs. Kappe, this city, decided to have an old fashion wall mirror refinished. Copies of GRIT and The SUN and BANNER dating December 9, 1886 were discovered between the mirror and it's backing board.

The SUN and BANNER apologized for producing no paper on the previous evening because of a "serious accident" in the office. The accident was the result of an elevator chain breaking and letting 300 pounds of hand-set type, on forms for the outside pages of the paper, drop thirty feet into the basement, where they imbedded in the ground for a depth of six inches.

Continued Page Four

"If we try hard enough to look for dirt," quoting Morris Ernst, "everything begins to look dirty."

Interbystation

NUMBER 8

FEBRUARY

BORDERLINE LITERATURE

ONCE upon a time, but not too many years ago, I had an idea for an anthology. Considering the bulk and scope of the average anthology, and whatever is herded together under a collective unit, mine would, if it had ever reached print, have been a comparatively slim volume. Lack of available published items, from which to make selections, would have restricted bulk. Since my selections for this particular anthology were to be made from writings that appeared in the amateur press, additional restrictions were automatically introduced because of the source. The idea became sublimated, or gave way to another one, or perhaps faded out entirely, with the result, no anthology. This contemplated anthology was to bring together into one volume the pruning of all available amateur papers in which appeared articles, sketches, essays, stories, or any untaggable items coming under the heading of this paper. Poetry was to be eliminated altogether because most of the poetry penned is the direct result of an emotional outburst, and

Nourishing one thought while keeping in mind another, knowing that both are intertwined, produces no difficulty in selecting a title, it being so obvious it writes itself.

Interbastation

NUMBER 6

DECEMBER

PROLOGUE TO A PARADOX

DISREGARDING for the moment, Tim Thrift's analysis in the Winter *Aonian*, the Buckeye state is making a strong bid for becoming the Hub of the world of amateur journalism. At the present time there is no state in this union of forty and eight, no particular locality that can offer sufficient competition to be considered a skittery rival.

Since the Cleveland convention in 1941 a noticeable renewal of interest in amateur journalism has taken place in that city. It was the convention that wove a lot of stray ends into a unified strand. The big thing that contributed much to this renaissance was the reappearance on the amateur scene of Warren J. Brodie, and especially the use of his print shop in the Arcade, which in itself, is incentive for any amateur or group of amateur journalists. The regular appearance of *The Conapan* contributes much to register a deeper impression. With Spink and Diamond as pivots, Cleveland now has a bloc of amateur journalists

PN4827

2127

Lexy Rosbrook
790 Riverside Drive, N.Y. City

IN-BETWEEN

Winter Issue
Nat'l Amateur Press Assn

FROSTED TWILIGHT



BARNEGAT LIGHT
2nd Oldest in U.S.

High tides have washed away the prints of many feet---
And castles in the sand--- Dried seaweed hides a
child's forgotten toy--- Farther along the beach chill
waves lap against silent pavilion posts--- Where
months before childish voices laughed with joy---
Or timidly cried out in fear while sliding down the
chutes--- Here's a proud sailboat beached beside two
lowly rowboats--- No more the noisy speedboat, like a
flying fish, skims Barnegat Bay--- A pair of hungry
gulls swoop low and scan the watertop for food---
No children now with pails and nets fishing for soft
shell crabs--- Along the empty boardwalk storm doors
and shuttered windcws--- Compete with umber flowers
and withered shrubs for dreariness--- A cheerless sun
sinks slowly in the west--- It silhouettes a naked
tree against the gray December sky--- Shadows of night
begin to fall across the silent Bay--- And so, like a
deserted village, the beach remains asleep --- Until
the magic wand of summer's sun awakens it once more.

Lines from Governors Island (On a windy day)

Oh Wind, - I saw you whip the surf
Into a ballet spray;
With veils of chiffon virgin white
It danced in glad array.

The parched leaves you tossed around
Like muted music rustling;
With witchlike claws the barren trees
In winter's breeze were tussling.

The Evergreens, like sentinels
Withstood your angry blows,
For they must stand forever
To welcome Christmas snows.



THE STARFISH (For the Small Fry)

A star fell out from the sky one day
And lay on a rock- by the sea.
An angel said, "Let's give it feet
Then happy it will be.
For the tide won't wash the star away
As it's many feet will cling
To save it from an enemy.
It is a pretty thing."
And the angel called it a starfish-
Because it came from the sky-
So if you go to the seashore-
You'll find them- if you try.

A HAPPY HEALTHY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF YOU-
especially Bob Telschow who introduced
me to NAPA, Willametta- whose papers we
all miss. And may next Christmas and
all those forever after be PEACEFUL.



Original

Dreamed up 1933
 Revised 1938
 Promulgated 1943

Before you fill out this form, read carefully
 "How to Get Away with It" by C. L. L. Waters

Duplicate

Approved.....
 By who.....
 Explain why.....

The Infernal Revenue Questionnaire

Write here all
 which you
 want to

(First name)

(Last name)

(Nickname)

(Home front)

(oZone number)

(Race and creed)

(If none, check here.....)

Do not write in this

SPACE

Address all correspondence to Chief, Membership Inflation Voters,
 Circulated Ticket Propaganda,
 Proxy Dues Fund,
 Priority Election Returns,
 Routine of Votem, Countem, Shutup,
 Low-man Building,
 Seattle, Wash-up.

Hon. J. F. Roy Erford, Sickvery of Raw Deal
 Dr. Clyde Fake Knoel, Examiner of Proxies
 Gentlemen, if any:

INSTRUCTIONS

File original with Charles W. Heins, founder of United
 Alumni (175 members), and Duplicate with Fred Nagel &
 Son, of the Chicago Underground.

PENALTY

Refusal to fill out this Questionnaire may subject you
 to one year's isolation in disUnited or the loss of all vitamin
 B-1 complex.

Were you born or adopted..... Why (give one good reason)..... Are you a husband or spouse (not
 spouse)..... Is this a joint return..... Where's the joint..... If living with wife or husband, add 10 percent
 amusement tax. Is Bessie Barnes entertaining this season..... Who..... Can Doc King and the Hudco Club get
 in on it..... What was your borrowing income in 19 and 43..... (Give names of friends so we can borrow too).
 Deduct losses from pants pockets by wife while you slept..... Less thimbintax..... Less get drunk and forget
 the whole thing. Do you belong to the Seattle Amateur Politics Club..... Ever show any other defective mentality.....
 Is Marjorie Starkey the Municipal Election Board's pin-up gal because she's Chairman Erford's secretary.....
 Do you have gas in the stomach or cellar..... If so, report it to the Fool Administrator and pay the tax for hoarding.
 Do you sport a zoot suit..... If so, when was it last arrested..... How many jive cats do you anticipate
 under the 5-year plan for Erford-Knoel votes..... Are you easily discouraged..... Does your wife use safety-first
 pins to keep up her morale..... Do you keep any chickens..... Give phone numbers..... Are you a hot air
 warden..... Have you a flame in the dark..... Do you believe in clubs for women, when kindness fails.....
 Check your favorite laugh loosener..... Gracie Allen,..... Mussolini,..... C. L. L. L. Waters,..... Erford's Amaranth.
 Ever hear Rose Cohen gargle Beethoven's Moonlight Swoonatra or Fanny Hooper murder Pistol Packin' Mommie.....
 Does mail addressed "Messrs. Erford & Knoel" reach them because they're messers in United Politics..... Do you
 favor a fourth term for the President (Maurice White) and Officious Editor (Hal Flint)..... Are they National (APA)
 offense jobs..... If you are the head of your family, add 10 percent Victory tax. If your wife is, how long have you
 been frustrated..... Why did Flint's United Amateur suppress Chairwoman Irma Gwin's 1942 convention speech.....
 Did Erford-Knoel fire Irma (the only officer changed last July) because she fought political racketeering.....
 "Don't you know we're in a war?"..... Does Willette King chew gum at the movies because she gets it with the seat.....
 Did you get the United Opinion from Haig Anlian, (exposes why Erford-Knoel kept Haig, last year's official editor, out
 of this year's presidency.)..... When the Bundle of Freedom struck Seattle, did you hear the Hudco Quartette (De Marco,
 Anlian, Benzing, and Northrop) croon "O, What a Beautiful Moaning".....?

A F F I D A V I T

I swear I don't know what this darned thing is all about and it gives me ance in me pance.

Sign your full name (your name when full)

Witnesses:

Ferdinand Backhouse
 C. L. L. L. Waters

PRAISE DE LAWD AND GAS ERFORD'S NAZIMUNITION.

GO FOURTH WITH ROOSEVELT?

APR 9-1947

IN - BETWEEN

Member-NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSN
SPRING 1947Alexia Jamison Rosbrook
790 Riverside, N.Y. City, N.Y.

 * A-WISHIN' *
 * If I were a fairy queen *
 * My magic wand I'd wave *
 * O'er all the rulers of the world *
 * For mankind I would save - *
 * From greed and hate and cruelty, *
 * Starvation and despair. *
 * I'd bid them use the GOLDEN RULE; *
 * To treat their subjects fair. *
 * There's sorrow, illness on the earth *
 * And these, we must endure. *
 * But, if my wish could just come true- *
 * No wabs - I would make sure. *
 * *****

IN DUTCH

'Tis said our Willametta
 Likes to eat so very much
 Every time she's out with friends
 Right away they holler, "Dutch!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Her parents called her Alma;
 Then Rusty she became.
 By what she wore at Long Beach-
 Well, Hattie's now her name.

VARIETY- NOT ONLY THE SPICE OF LIFE-
IN DIET, IT IS THE BREATH OF LIFE.

THE CAUSE

I've a pain in my heart," she cried.
 "Oh, then you're in love," and he sighed.
 "It's indigestion," she declared,
 "No more fried foods, now I'm scared.

EPITAPH

Here lie my tonsils,
 Adenoids, too,
 I hope they don't
 Obstruct the view.

A PEACHY REMEDY

Oh- Here's to Mr. Lemon-
 He really is a 'peach.'
 He has so many uses
 If kept in easy reach.
 A simple, healthful tonic,
 If taken every morn;
 Use it as an astringent
 To make skin uniform,
 and 'tis also fine for gums,
 Removes stains from the teeth,
 Then helps to kill the tartar
 That settles underneath.
 A drop or two in water
 Is good to rinse the eyes.
 Excellent for old and young-
 Because it beautifies.
 So, here's to Mr. Lemon,
 He's cheap and very pure
 So use him every single day
 Health problems will be fewer.

EXPLANATION

I have very many duties
 At the office and at home;
 But to and fro on the subway
 I sometimes write a 'poem.'

HEALTHLETTE may be too heavy
 For some folks to peruse,
 So, here's a variation-
 I hope it will amuse.

X-PN 4827

#132

Christmas

NEWSLETTER

...et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis

The Executive Council of ISPA grasps this timely opportunity of wishing all members every happiness during the festive season, together with full enjoyment from their efforts in the year ahead.

This greeting is also wholeheartedly extended to the officers and members of kindred associations. Particularly to those of the British; the National; and the American amateur press associations to whom this issue is distributed as a tangible token of the goodwill and friendship existing between us, despite the all too obvious turmoil of a troubled world.

W. H. Ordish, President



International
Small Printers'
Association



X-PN 4827

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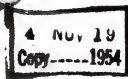
IDYLLS from IDA

Christmas - 1953

#134

X-PN4827

THE IOWA BULLETIN



National Amateur Press Association
and
American Amateur Press Association

NUMBER 8

FALL, 1954

X-PN 48 27

JE

#135

IN BETWEEN

Number 9

AUTUMN 1955



UNCHANGING PATTERN

*The mists of Autumn bring loneliness
To land and sea;
Fragrance of flowers
No longer fills the air;
Trembling with perplexity
The trees shake bare,
Forsaken leaves bury faces in the earth.
Lashed by rain:
Primeval Man laughs with hemlock-dusted mirth
Knowing full well
Spring will be back again.*

Paula Nelson





In The Dawn of Glowing Wonder!

VERA MARIE JENKINS

X-PN4827

#137

APR 21 1955

5

THIS IS MY SONG

Copy—

An UAPA Sheet
Volume I

April 1955
No. 2

EDITED by Ruth Cleaves Hazelton, 2562 Portage Rd.
Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Hello Folks:—

Let's open with a story I heard the other day about a perfectly respectable widow lady, and her eighteen year old daughter. It seems Mamma decided that she was lonely, so she caught herself a second husband; daughter willing. The daughter was working and could not accompany Mamma on her wedding day and later; so when the daughter was free one evening she visited some friends of both. The friends inquired where Mamma was, and the daughter replied, "Why, she's away getting married!" There was a frigid silence for a moment among the matrons, and then one said coldly, "It's about time!"

Which reminds me it's about time I had a chat with you all!

You know, folks, you're rather nice! I've had letters from Belle S. Mooney (and verse and a book of verse "Of Glad Awakening" for CHVC); letter and book of verse "Spindrift" for CHVC from Bonnie Elizabeth Parker; letter and verse for CHVC from William Sumner Hughes; ditto from Mary Lavinia Silvia; Martha Loomis Williams; Nona Spath; the grandest book of verse "The Corduroy Patch" by Eddie Schaffer; the magazine "Spiritual Science"; letter and scripts from William Wallace Ellis; ditto Frances Lois Vaughn; and from Frances L. Swanson! Each one will be answered personally as soon as I can get out from under... (CHVC-CIA-SOCIAL-LAZY ME..)

In the meantime, thanks!

Now for comments on the January Bundle...as I pick them up..

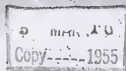
In GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER, M.L.W.'s little edi-

IT'S UP



TO YOU!

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Ninetieth Talk
February 1955



Edward F. Dase, Editor
550 No. 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wis.

THE MAN SAYS

At the Jersey City Convention is September 1947, I was elected Secretary of the UAPA and have served continuously in that capacity ever since. Following one of the best conventions in UAPA history, filled with enthusiasm and friendships, almost the entire Board of Officers elected at Jersey City fell down on their jobs. After three months of inactivity, operating under a ponderous, the longest and most complicated Constitution ever adopted by an A.J. association, something drastic had to be done.

Under that Constitution, applications for membership had to be approved by the five members of the Board of Directors. There was an accumulation of applications received during the first three months of that administration with no action taken by the Board.

I was willing to call it off and discussed the matter with George Boehme who, as Mailer, had mailed the Bundles monthly. He told me that Amateur Journalism was just the thing he had been looking for ever since he had left school and would like to continue with the work. We agreed upon a three year plan to put the United back on its feet.

Those three years passed and showed successful recruiting and publishing operations beyond our anticipations. The membership has more than doubled itself and the Bundles have grown from a half dozen to more than thirty papers at times. In fact we had two mailings one month. In the early days we mimeographed the Milwaukee papers on a cheap mimeograph and turned out very poor work. When George had mastered the machine he offered to mimeo papers at cost to induce members to publish.

Many members have taken advantage of this offer so that the task of getting out all these papers has become burdensome, especially since George Boehme had a heart attack on November 9th and was unable to do any of this work. With the valuable help of the Reiter and Schmidt families and Norbert Marciniak, we have been able to carry on. And the Bundle will be mailed every month until the Chicago convention.

IT'S UP TO YOU how long after that event, the Bundle will be mailed from Milwaukee! You will hear rumors of all kinds: that the Milwaukee club will give up the ghost; that there is dissension in our ranks; that I am

5 JAN 27
Copy-----1955

Vol.1 No. 3
January, 1955

#139

RITA REITCI
1430 N. Cass St.
Milwaukee 2, Wis.

NOTE CHANGE OF
ADDRESS:

A UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

#

THE MYTH OF THE NOBLE SCIENTIST

In hundreds of movies, on TV, over the radio and in print we have been assaulted with the character type of the Noble Scientist. A scene typical in these scientific stories would be the following:

Dr. Lance Steele (note the noble type name) is holding a test tube to the light. He peers intently at it through his glasses (which are worn only when he is acting like a scientist and not kissing the herpine). It is after midnight.

Rex Pipette is also present as his assistant. He worships his boss and never thinks of asking for a raise or for overtime pay. Rex asks tensely, peering through his horned-rimmed glasses (which he never takes off); "How does it look, Dr. Steele?"

Steele: Hmmmm.

Rex Pipette leans forward, holding his breath. "It's got to succeed, Dr. Steele. It's got to! We've spent months working late at night to find the X-82b serum. Every hour of delay means more lives lost!"

Steele: I want 5 cc of hyper galenium magnesate.

Pipette hands him a bottle. Steele pours some into the test tube, which immediately begins to boil over. Steele hastily sets it in a complicated machine. Turning dials and flipping switches, he studies the waving line of the oscillograph. The machine goes "beep-beep" several hundred times, and sweat appears on Pipette's face.

Steele smiles wearily at his assistant. "Well, Pipette, looks like we've done it!"

Pipette: (Eagerly) We must prepare more at once. Let's go to work!

WHAT HAPPENS IN REAL LIFE:

Rudolph Paplinsky is a doctor of chemistry working for the Lifelong Drug Company. As we open, he is putting up a condensing apparatus. Bert Hoffman, his assistant, enters and tosses a sheet of paper in front of Dr. Paplinsky. It is 4:45 pm.

Rudy: What's that?

Bert: Refractive index on last batch, Rudy. It's way out of line.

IT MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing"—EDMUND BURKE.

#140

We can rightfully boast of our material advances in this 20th century. But we should not blink at the fact that it has been likewise the bloodiest period in human history, and that modern ingenuity has now made possible universal death and destruction through the atom and hydrogen bombs.

A Grim Record

During the past 40 years, 63 million human beings were killed in two World Wars. Countless millions of others were maimed and crippled. The cost in money alone was more than a thousand billion dollars.

Within the past few years, 33 thousand Americans were killed and more than 103 thousand wounded in the Korean conflict that cost the American taxpayers another hundred billion dollars.

Out of a budget of 62 billion dollars to run the U.S.A. for the year 1955-56, nearly 41 billion is for defense against new and deadly conflicts. In addition, four and a half billion dollars must be set aside to pay for obligations accruing from past wars. Therefore, only 17 out of 62 billion dollars is being budgeted for the normal functions of government. And still no lasting peace!

What Can You Do About It?

The defeatist attitude, "my opinion doesn't count in shaping the policies of our government," can be a very harmful one. Those who would undermine our country do everything they can to encourage this point of view. It leaves the field free for them.

The importance of the role each individual can play is stressed in a 12-page booklet, "Your Opinion Counts", recently issued by the State Department in Washington, D.C. It states most emphatically the part you can play—and must play—if we are to survive as a free nation. Here are a few quotations from it:

- 1. "In a democracy, no government agency can possibly function effectively if it cannot hear the voice of the people."
- 2. "No policy—foreign or domestic—makes sense if the American people do not display an interest in it. And certainly no line of foreign policy can succeed unless our people are informed of it, have a clear understanding of it, and out of their knowledge and free will support it."
- 3. "The bedrock foundation of United States foreign policy must come from the American people."
- 4. "Because an uninformed people is susceptible to the charlatans and rabble-rouser, it is essential to the well-being of a democratic government to keep the people informed—just as it is against the interests of a dictatorship to do so."
- 5. "Any letter you write to the Department of State is read."
- 6. "The more careful you are in thinking out and stating your critical comments and recommendations, the more widely read your letter will be within the Department."
- 7. "One resolution from one organization—even if it happens to be a large one with chapters all over the country—does not mean that policy planners will adopt or abandon a specific course of action; but if 100 or 200 organizations adopt resolutions favoring a particular measure, that measure may well become a part of our foreign policy."
- 8. "On the other hand, if the majority of American organizations expressed strong disapproval of a proposed policy, it would be folly for the Government to attempt to ignore this opposition."
- 9. "Because your opinion counts and counts for so much in our conduct of foreign affairs, and because our national survival depends upon how wisely we conduct them, many agencies throughout the United States stand ready to help you develop an informed opinion. Many of our cities have organizations which exist solely for the purpose of increasing understanding of world problems, and our relations with other countries."

(over)

THE CHRISTOPHERS—11 East 44th Street, New York City.

TEN WAYS TO STRENGTHEN YOUR GOVERNMENT

Here are ten Christopher proposals that may help you to fulfill your responsibility in shaping American foreign policy. We merely submit them to you. You must decide for yourself how, when and where to apply them.

- 1. Be alert! We live in an atomic age. The slightest delay or mistake may be disastrous. Take nothing for granted. Think and act quickly as well as honestly and courageously. Merely complaining or theorizing accomplishes little. Translate your good ideas into practice. Put your ideals to work.
- 2. Develop sound principles. Remember your judgments will never be any better than your values. See that they are rooted in the changeless truths of Almighty God. Too many people are fooled by half-truths and sugar-coated remedies, and forget, for instance, that our nation is founded on the sacred truth that each individual derives his rights from his Creator—that government is his servant, not his master, and that its chief purpose is to secure for him these God-given rights.
- 3. Keep informed on world developments. This is difficult, even for the experts. But the average person with sound values who conscientiously tries to keep intelligently informed is endowed by God with a "sixth sense." If he speaks out of conviction based on facts, not opinions nor rumors, he can often nip in the bud dangerous risks.
- 4. Pray for those who represent you. Every person in the State Department, from top to bottom, is a public servant and is entrusted with the enormous responsibility of protecting your best interests and those of every other American citizen. The better equipped he is and the higher his sense of purpose, the better for you and everybody else. But despite the best of intentions, he is human and can make mistakes. He needs your prayers.
- 5. Encourage others to vote. Expressing one's opinion at the polls is one of the greatest safeguards of free government. Remind others that their vote counts. Only six out of ten of those privileged to vote went to the polls at the last Presidential election; less than five out of ten last November; and an average of only one out of ten at most primary elections throughout the

(over)

YOUR RIGHT TO MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD

In Congress, July 4, 1776

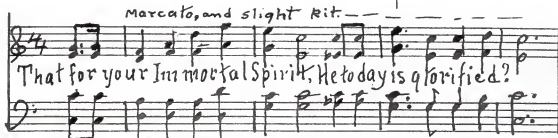
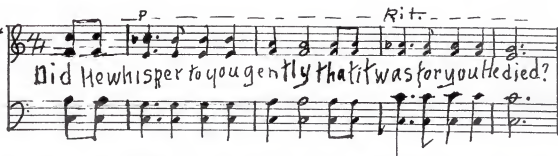
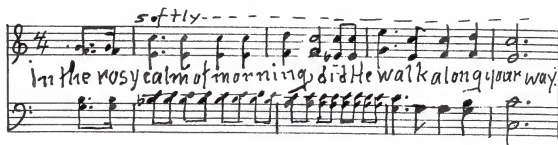
THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

"... We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. . . ."

"It is Easter! Christ is Risen!"

5 - APR 30

Copyright 1956



Christ is risen! Have you hastened

- To tell others that He lives?

Souls there are who lack the comfort

That His Resurrection gives.

Some are standing, broken-hearted

By the tombs of those they love,-

Have you told them of the Mansions

Jesus has prepared above?

It is Easter! Ere the twilight

Fades into another day,

Pass the message to another

And another, on your way,-

"Christ is risen! Come and meet Him,

Cast your burdens at His feet".

And perchance a soul, rejoicing,

May come out your Lord to greet.

Poem:

Genevieve Hutchinson, in Zion's Herald.

Music: Nina Hard Crosby. UAPA Publication.

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DEC 24 1959

I S S U E

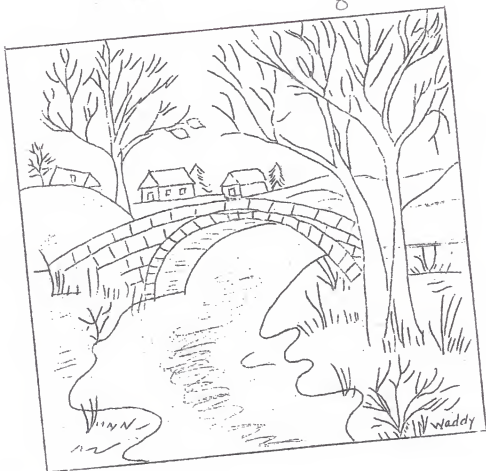
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Winter 1959



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I S S U E

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#143

OCT 20 1960

Autumn 1960



For This I Ask

Harriet Nicholson

Not only night and morning,
But oft throughout the day,
I leave the worldly tumult
And steal away to pray.

To pray for love and wisdom,
To be worthy of my task,
Freed from hate and malice,
These simple gifts I ask.

I kneel in silent stillness,
Reflect on His great love,
I know but for His mercy
My work would worthless prove.

I thank Him for His guidance,
His patient loving care,
I ask to grow more like Him,
This is my humble prayer.

I rise with renewed vision,
The peace for which I long,
My face beams with His likeness,
My heart swells with His song.



#145

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I See, I Hear, I Know

Harriet Nicholson

I see God in the beauty of a rose,
Within the petals of each flower that grows,
Amid the grandeur of a towering tree,
A tiny shrub, God's loving face I see!

I hear God in the laughter of a child,
A bird's soft coo, the ocean calm or wild;
In every gentle breeze or storm severe,
The all-inspiring voice of God I hear.

I know God, midst the deepest, darkest night
When human help has vanished from my sight;
In far-off lands, wherever I may go,
My God is there -- I see, I hear, I know!



My Prayer

Harriet Nicholson

Watch thou, dear Lord, on those I love
tonight,
Free them from sin, perfect them in Thy
sight.

Heal each sad heart and hold it to Thy
breast;

Within Thy loving arms, let them find
rest!

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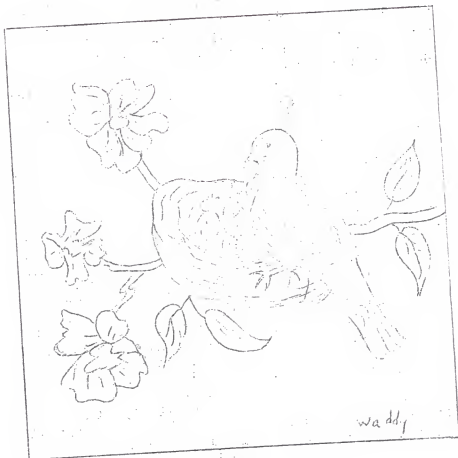
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I S S U E

#146



Spring 1961



I S S U E

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.I #147

Autumn 1961

H. Yahudi